

Alice in Beeland

A tale inspired by Lewis Carroll's Wonderland



Lillian Elizabeth Roy
Illustrated by Julia Greene

ALICE IN BEELAND



LILLIAN ELIZABETH ROY

THE COVER OF THE 1919 EDITION

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by Lewis Carroll's Wonderland

by Lillian Elizabeth Roy

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
JULIA GREENE



2012



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Foreword

Lillian Elizabeth Roy was born Lillian Elizabeth Becker in 1868 and died in 1932. After her first book, *Seedling's Harvest* (1910), she wrote a number of series for children, including the "Blue Birds" books, *Blue Birds' Uncle Ben* (1917) and *Blue Birds at Happy Hills* (1919), and the Woodcrafters series, *Woodcraft Girls at Camp* (1916), *Little Woodcrafters' Book* (1917), *The Woodcrafters Girls in the City* (1918), *Woodcraft Boys at Sunset Island* (1919), *Little Woodcrafters Fun on the Farm* (1928), *Woodcraft Girls Camping in Maine* (1928), and *Woodcraft Boys in in the Rockies* (1928). Roy also published a number of books featuring scouts: *Natalie: A Garden Scout* (1921), *Girl Scouts in Arizona and New Mexico* (1923), *Janet: a Stock-Farm Scout* (1925), *Norma: A Flower Scout* (1925), and *Girl Scouts in Glacier Park* (1928). Other books written by Roy are *Five Little Stars in Hawaii* (1919), *The Little Washingtons' Holidays* (1925), *Noah's Ark: The Deluge of Atlantis* (1928), *The Adventures of Snooki and Snak* (1928), and *The Adventures of Sonny and Sue* (1928). *Alice in Beeland* was written in 1919.

Roy is best known for her "Polly Brewster" series of books, published between 1922 and 1930—an interesting series about a strong-headed girl who early on declaims on the rights of women, before heading out on many adventures around the world. The "Polly Brewster" series comprised 15 volumes, the first five of which were themselves all published in 1922, beginning with *Polly of Pebbly Pit* (1922). Most of these were illustrated by H. S. Barbour: *Polly and Eleanor* (1922), *Polly in New York* (1922), *Polly and Her Friends Abroad* (1922).

Polly's Business Venture (1922), *Polly's Southern Cruise* (1923), *Polly in South America* (1924), *Polly in the Southwest* (1925), *Polly in Alaska* (1926), *Polly in the Orient* (1927), *Polly in Egypt* (1928), *Polly's New Friend* (1929), and *Polly and Carola* (1930). Later books were illustrated by Russell H. Tandy: *Polly Learns to Fly* (1930), *Polly and Carola at Ravenwood* (1931).

Julia Greene illustrated a number of books for the publishers Cupples & Leon, beginning with the "Make Believe" series in 1917, comprising three volumes she wrote and illustrated—*Miss Patty Peep*, *Whiffet Squirrel*, and *The Yaller Dog*—and one volume written by Helen Pettes—*The Mouse's Tail*. In 1917 Greene and Pettes also collaborated together on *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland with Cut-Out Pictures*, just two years before *Alice in Beeland* was published. Other Cupples & Leon publications illustrated by Greene are a series of five books by Josephine Lawrence—*Brother and Sister* (1921), *Brother and Sister's Schooldays* (1921), *Brother and Sister's Holidays* (1921), *Brother and Sister's Vacation* (1922), *Brother and Sister at Bayport* (1927), and *Brother and Sister Keep House* (1927)—as well as the fourteen volumes of the "Curlytop" series (published 1918 through 1932) by Howard R. Garis, who was most famous for his "Uncle Wiggily" series.

I have made a few editorial changes to Roy's text in order to bring it closer to modern usage in format and language. As a matter of course I have normalized to Oxford spelling throughout for consistency with the Carrollian universe. I have preferred the spellings *today* to *to-day*, *Pharaoh* to *Pharoah*, *cozy* to *cosy*, *saw-toothed* to *sawteethed*, *antennae* to *antennæ*, *sh!* to *s-sh!*, and the interjection *bosh!* to *pooh!*. In a few places I have changed *questioned* to *asked* where it seemed more natural, and in some places where the text had phrases like "eagerly asked" I have moved the adverbs ("asked eagerly").

In Chapter VI I have simplified the Bible verse references (from "Isaiah, 7th chapter, 18th verse" to "Isaiah 7:18") but I have also added the actual citations in footnotes for the reader's convenience. In two places, Roy had the bees speaking *as worshippers*; this seemed to me to be too incongruous an anthropomorphism, and so I have changed "God's people" to "the faithful Hebrews" in Chapter IV and "be sure and return thanks to the Giver of all good" to "be mindful and thankful" in Chapter VIII.

One passage of historical interest in Chapter VIII reads (with two passages here italicized by me):

Buzz was a born organizer and leader, and so firmly but gently did she control the bees, that all went smoothly. Strict economy was observed by everyone as word had gone forth *from a Food Controller in the United States*, that every least bit of food and material was to be carefully conserved. *And this meant rules for honey-bees as well as for people.*

Few readers today know about the Food and Fuel Control Act (enacted 10 August 1917)—also called the Lever Act or the Lever Food Act. Amongst other things, this created the United States Food Administration and the Federal Fuel Administration, and the Food Controllers mentioned by Roy. While quite relevant to Roy's readers in 1919, this passage is too opaque for most modern readers. It seemed simplest to remove the two passages:

Buzz was a born organizer and leader, and so firmly but gently did she control the bees, that all went smoothly. Strict economy was observed by everyone as word had gone forth that every bit of food and material was to be carefully conserved.

In places, Roy's punctuation has been altered to conform to modern practice; em dashes have been added to flank some parenthetical clauses; many hyphens have been removed, either running compounds on or leaving them separated by spaces. I have concatenated paragraphs where speech is reported and preferred capital letters after exclamation marks. I have, as usual in this series of Carroll-inspired books, indulged in applying Carroll's preference for the spellings "ca'n't" and "sha'n't" and "wo'n't".

Some of Julia Greene's original illustrations had a cartouche surrounding the drawing and a caption relating to the text, but I have deleted these details as the illustrations have been placed more precisely where they fit into the story than they were in the first edition.

Michael Everson

Westport, December 2012



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Alice in Beeland



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CHAPTER I

Alice Hears a Bee-Secret

"Oh, what a big bumblebee!" cried little Alice Wells, as she hurriedly moved away from a lovely wild-rose blossom.

The yellow and dark brown-striped bee kept right on buzzing and nosing into the nectar-cup of the rose while the wondering little girl stood watching. Finally old Bombus—for that is a bumblebee's Latin name—backed out and sat on a leaf of the rose, eyeing Alice curiously.

Alice crept a step nearer, the better to see what Bombus was doing with his front feet, and the bumblebee smiled up into the curious child's face.

"Good gracious! were you really smiling at me?" gasped Alice, scarcely believing her own eyes.

Bombus wagged his head as if to say "yes" and quietly waited for the little girl to overcome her amazement. Then Alice said: "If I thought you could understand what I say, I

should very much like to ask you several questions. If you will answer them, please nod your head 'yes'."

Bombus looked Alice over but instead of replying as the little girl hoped he would, he spread his gauzy wings and flew over to a fine clump of early goldenrod. Disappointed, Alice crept over there, too, and found two other bees on the flower. One was a very small bee and the other seemed to be one of a kind she had seen in a neighbour's garden hive. The three bees were gossiping loudly, as the little girl could tell from the buzzing and humming they made.

"Oh, dear me! I wish I could understand what they say! They seem to be dreadfully disturbed over something. Can it be that Bombus told them what I said to him?" wondered Alice.

The three bees paid no attention to the stranger, and so Alice sat down on the soft moss near the goldenrod to watch them. A great tree trunk provided a back-rest, and the spot being shady and quiet, the little girl felt very comfortable, but drowsy. The flowers she had gathered were placed on the moss beside her, and all her attention was given to the lively actions of the bees on the blossom.

Gradually, as she became familiar with their humming, she found she could understand what the bees were saying. This discovery was so thrilling that Alice listened most attentively and this is what she heard; Bombus was talking: "She didn't understand me, so I had to leave her there by the wild-rose bush. But she really was a pleasant little girl."

"If I had been there I would have tried again, and then she may have understood. You must remember that humans haven't the same ways of doing things as we bees have," came from the little bee.

"If I had been in Bombus' place, I think I would have told the child to sip the nectar from the wild rose so that she could understand bee-life better," remarked the elderly worker-bee.

"I'll fly back and tell her. Will you wait here for my return?" eagerly offered Bombus.

The two honey-bees agreed to wait and Bombus flew away; but Alice knew he would not find the wild rose again, because she had gathered it after he left. It was now resting on the moss with the other flowers she had plucked, so she picked it up with new interest expressed in her eyes.



"That honey-bee said I would understand if I sipped this nectar," murmured Alice, as she saw the sweet liquid deep down in the heart of the fragrant rose.

"I'll do it and maybe they will treat me like one of the family," decided the little girl, placing the rose to her lips.

She drank deeply and before she had quite emptied the chalice, she found everything about her growing large—but stay! Was it all growing larger or was she growing smaller?

Why, she was dwindling to the size of a honeybee! And at her back—yes! Right out of her rose-leaf dress back came a pair of gauzy wings. Oh, how wonderful! Now she could fly away with the bees and visit all their haunts.

Alice was so delighted at this discovery that she did not worry about night, or what she would do when it came time for her to go home. She still sat upon the moss waiting for *Bombus*, so she might surprise him, and while she waited unseen by the honey-bees, she heard them talk.

"I wish I had not taken such a large load of nectar this last trip," sighed the old worker-bee.

"You forget, Madam Zumm, that you are not as young as you used to be. You are almost four months old, and think of all the great stores of honey you have carried into the hive this season. Now you must begin to take things easier," replied the precocious little bee, who was called Buzz.

"You are right, Buzz, and now that you will soon be promoted to nectar-gathering, I can begin to think of rest," smiled Madam Zumm, as she swung on the slender spray of yellow bloom.

"It's sixteen days since I hatched out of the bee-larvae in the cell, and my week of trial as a pollen-bearer will soon be over—then I can fly away with you worker-bees to the nectar-fields," cried Buzz, eagerly.

Alice thought Buzz a very forward young bee to plan as she did about travelling with grown-up bees without being invited

to do so. But Madam Zumm was talking in her musical monotone and the little girl wanted to hear what she said. After teaching Buzz many valuable lessons in bee-lore and then advising her on bee-matters, the worker-bee stretched her legs and prepared to continue on her way.

"Oh, don't go yet, Zumm! Bombus hasn't returned and you said you would wait. I want to meet that little girl," said Buzz.

"I don't believe he is coming back today. Maybe the child was not to be found and Bombus went about his business without coming back to tell us."

"Well, wait a moment, anyway, and tell me one more thing," begged Buzz. "Why is it that the pollen-bearers have been told to bring home yellow pollen for a time? We are warned not to mix red or brown pollen with our loads, but to keep to the yellow. I had a load of russet-coloured bergamot pollen today and I had to go out and drop it all, then scrape off what clung to my hind-leg panniers so that not a bit would spoil the yellow pollen."

"Didn't the house-bees or nurses tell you the reason?" asked Zumm, surprised that Buzz had not been told the secret.

"No—what is it?"

Alice saw Madam Zumm glance warily about to make sure that no enemy could hear, and then the bee leaned over and whispered: "The old Queen will have to be dethroned soon, and several young princesses are being fed on royal bee-jelly made of yellow pollen so that they will be healthy and ready to be crowned when we have to choose a new sovereign."

"Oh, my goodness!" exclaimed Buzz, horrified at the news, and Alice felt almost as shocked as the little bee, but she said nothing that might frighten the bees away.

"You see, it is this way, Buzz. We have to consider the welfare of the community first. Every loyal bee will gladly

sacrifice life and peace for the good of the family. But we exact the same sacrifice from the Queen. We have waited and hoped that the old Queen would understand her duty, but she seems not to. Reports from the royal guards and nurses-in-general show that our brood-cells are shriveling up for lack of use. From a once great and prosperous hive of bees we actually have dwindled, in two months, to a family of old workers and several hundred young bees; whereas we ought to have thousands of active young bees ranging from six weeks down to a few days of age."



Madam Zumm's voice sounded doleful to Alice and the little girl wished she could comfort her. But the old worker-bee was again humming: "Here we are, in the first week of July, with the great flood of nectar due from Summer's flowers, and not half enough bees to harvest what the hive will need for next Winter's food. If this dire condition continues, every bee—and the Queen herself—will starve to death before the cold weather is ended. That is why we will have to take drastic measures to save the colony from total destruction."

"Maybe we wo'n't die out this Winter, Zumm!" whimpered Buzz, and Alice felt her eyes grow moist at the very idea.

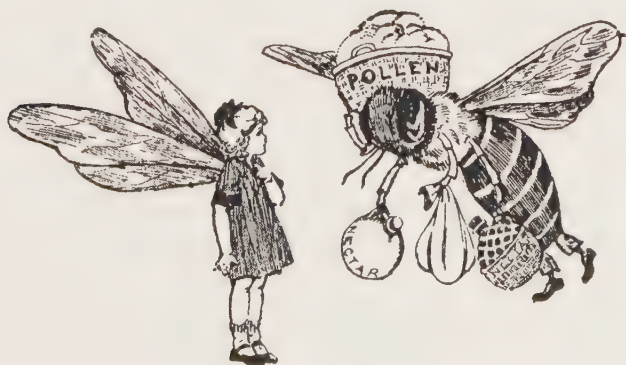
"Buzz, I was born four months ago and when, I was a little pollen-bearer as you are now, an old worker-bee told me how the poor bees suffered last Winter just because this Queen

failed to raise enough bees late in the Summer who would work for the hive's provisioning. This Summer the Queen is still older, being four years old; and that is a decrepit age for a Queen-bee, you know. Because of this state of affairs, our colony is in a dreadful way."

"It seems to me that we have a very large bee-family," ventured Buzz, showing her inexperience of hive-life.

"Large! Why, child, we ought to have at least thirty thousand bees in our colony, with thousands hatching out and thousands breeding; and with a fine Queen-bee laying from one to two thousand eggs daily—as the need might be. Instead, we have less than ten thousand in all. If we subtract the drones from that list, as well as the indoor workers, nurses, and other bees, such as fanning-bees, guards, surveyors, and helpers, it leaves us but eight thousand to bring in nectar. That is the cause of my being so over-worked lately—each worker-bee has to do the tasks of three," explained Zumm.

While the old worker-bee spoke, Alice crept softly over to the goldenrod stalk to listen to the interesting conversation. When Zumm concluded and little Buzz sat silently thinking of what had just been said, the child plucked up courage enough to speak.



“Madam Zumm, if I can help you in any way, I will be glad to do so. I am Alice Wells, a little girl who drank the nectar as Bombus prescribed, and the bee-wings grew as he said they would.”

Alice saw some yellow-pollen sift down from above, and she looked up to find little Buzz trembling so that the flower-dust shook out of the hind-leg panniers unheeded. But Zumm was a wise old bee and did not show her surprise as the little bee did.

“I thank you, little girl, for your sympathy and desire to assist us, but you must understand that no one but the members of our family are allowed to join our colony. Not even a bee from a neighbouring hive is permitted to enter our home-hive. That is why guards are stationed on the alighting-board, day and night—to keep out strangers. So you see, you cannot join us in your wish to help.”

“Oh, I hadn’t thought of *living* in the hive with you, as I must return home to my mother, you know. But I thought maybe I could help you in a way that bees could not help themselves—being human and now having the wings besides,” hastily explained Alice.

“Unless you could see the conditions inside our hive, you would never understand how stubborn the Queen is. If you were present at one of the scenes we daily have with her, you would soon comprehend the plight our family is in. I shouldn’t be surprised to return home some day and find the royal cells broken down, and the royal princesses we have reared to choose from when the time comes for a new Queen, killed by the old Queen,” sighed Zumm.

In the concern she felt over this new danger, Buzz forgot her fear of Alice, and leaned eagerly over to hear what the little girl said now.

“Why don’t some of your guard-bees lock the old Queen up in her room until she agrees to do as the colony thinks best?”

"That is another cause for concern, Alice. We feel sure there are traitors in the hive, but as yet we have not been able to discover which bees they are. Every plan we have made thus far, has been told the Queen beforehand so that she has been prepared. The information has made her furious, as you can understand, and we have had to wait patiently for the proper opportunity to be given us."

"Have you any princess ready to be queened the moment you depose the old Queen?" asked Alice, eager for information.

"Yes indeed! No hive will neglect such an important duty. Every colony keeps a number of princesses waiting in the royal cells in case of need. Should an accident happen to the Queen, and no princess ready to take her place, a hive would be queenless for three weeks, as it takes that length of time to turn a common egg into a royal baby-bee."

"I never knew that. If you have time I should like to hear how it is done," said Alice, eagerly.

Buzz perked up her bee-ears, too, for she knew nothing, as yet, of the interesting process of changing a common bee to a royal bee.

"It is this way: a common egg deposited in a worker-cell will hatch out a worker-bee. But transfer that egg to a royal cell where there is more room and plenty of air for development, and the egg will change. The bee-larva is fed a particular kind of royal bee-jelly that is soft and creamy instead of the usual food given the common bee-larvae; and this royal jelly produces a far different effect on the bee while it is still in its unborn state. Every well-regulated hive tries to keep several of these royal bees on hand, as I said before."

"Then it seems simple enough to me, Madam Zumm, and no such cause for you to worry. Just expel the old Queen and crown a young princess," remarked Alice, in her simple, matter-of-fact way.

Zumm was a very patient worker-bee, but this last statement exasperated her, and she prepared to fly away without another word. But little Buzz caught hold of a wing and said coaxingly: "Oh, don't go yet! The sun has not yet reached the top of yonder hill—and you said this would be your last load for the day."

"Yes, because I must be home to look after more important things. I am to meet Madam Brownie, the worker-bee, and see what has happened during my absence today. As we have the nurses and royal attendants on our side, we have been carefully preparing for a sudden crisis in the hive. On the other hand, the guards and cleaning-corps have plotted against us. In another twenty-four hours we will know which side wins out in the hive."

"What will happen if you lose, Madam?" asked Alice.

"Oh! I ca'n't bear to think of that! If the traitors win, they will allow the vicious old Queen to break down the royal cells we have so carefully guarded. The princesses will be dragged forth and killed, and with no larvae on hand to feed on the royal bee-jelly, and the Queen incompetent to produce royal eggs, the colony will be in awful straits, indeed! The Summer will be over before we can prepare new royal bees to replace the others."

Madam Zumm expressed her concern in her tones, and Buzz sat silently waiting for the little girl to speak again. But Alice was thinking over all she had heard, and did not ask more questions. Suddenly, Buzz remembered her query about the pollen which Zumm had not explained. She reminded the worker-bee by saying:—

"Madam Zumm, you were going to explain about yellow pollen and you haven't."

"Oh, yes, yes! I have so much to worry me that I quite forgot. I'll just tell you this and then hurry away."

Alice paid attention to the interesting fact that Zumm now explained to Buzz; and thus it was, that all three failed to see a strange face peep from behind the bark of the tree where the little girl had rested a short time before.

“Before a princess is chosen to become the queen of a hive, she is fed only yellow-pollen food for several days preceding her marriage. When we fully decided to take some definite action this week, Brownie discovered that there was a lack of yellow pollen on hand. So all pollen-bearers were ordered to bring in only yellow pollen until enough was on hand to feed the princesses who would be candidates for election. This afternoon you will be told that the wax pollen-cells are filled and hereafter the pollen-bearers can gather any kind of pollen again.”

As Zumm finished speaking, she staggered up under her heavy load of nectar and stretched her wings. “Come now, Buzz, you’d better bring in that load of golden pollen before sundown! Say good-bye to this little girl and follow me as soon as possible.”

Zumm winged her way towards her home-hive, which was located on the other side of the clover-field. But the curious little pollen-carrier preferred to become better acquainted with the child who waited eagerly under the goldenrod. Buzz had never met anyone so interesting as this little girl, although bees are extremely wise and intelligent in their way.

“Ca’n’t you fly up here beside me on the goldenrod?” asked Buzz.

“I never used wings before. and I don’t know how to fly,” returned Alice, stretching out the frail, gauzy things as she spoke.

“Ho, it’s easy as can be! Watch me fly down beside you and then back again,” said Buzz, doing as she said.

Alice watched the little bee alight beside her; then as Buzz rose again, the little girl did likewise and found herself up on

the goldenrod without having used any effort other than gently keeping her wings balanced in the currents of air.

"There now! Wasn't that easy to do?" asked Buzz.

"Yes, indeed! I never dreamed how simple a thing flying really is," cried Alice delightedly.

What the two would have done cannot be said, as a disturbing croak startled both of them just then, and they turned about to look at the tree trunk whence came the sound. They both saw a queer face, with eyes composed of many facets, emerging slowly from back of the loose bark. As the head appeared the hoarse laugh was repeated.

"What is it?" gasped Alice, shrinking close to Buzz.

"It's a horrid locust just crawling out from his cocoon. He must have been asleep back in the hollow and our talking may have roused him. But he ca'n't see us yet, as his eyes are not accustomed to the light. We will have time to fly away or hide," hurriedly explained Buzz.

"Oh, don't fly away and leave me here alone. Let us hide away!" exclaimed Alice.

So the two crawled in under a crown of yellow bloom and waited quietly to see what the locust would do. The lean, ugly insect rubbed his saw-toothed legs against his wings again, in a manner most irritating to the little girl's nerves, then he finally emerged entirely from back of the bark and sat clinging to the tree trunk.

"Isn't he horrid?" whispered Alice to her companion.

"Yes, and we bees don't like such insects, either! I hope the rascal didn't hear all Madam Zumm told us just now."

As if in answer to this fear, the locust turned about. He murmured aloud: "That certainly gives me a good opportunity to trick the old worker-bee! Maybe I can get some honey from that hive in payment for my news if I am discreet in selecting a buyer."

"He did hear Zumm's secret! Now what shall we do?" cried Buzz, fearfully.

"If I was only big again, like I always am, I could soon crush that locust by stepping upon him," bragged Alice.

"But you're as small as I am, now, and ca'n't hurt him," replied Buzz, looking the little girl over to judge of her strength.

At that moment, another strange voice came from the rank wire grass that grew about the tree.

"How-do, Cousin Locust? I heard your harsh voice just now, as I passed by, and so I stopped to ask you the cause of your mirth."

Carefully craning her neck to see what insect was now speaking, Alice spied a green grasshopper swinging from a ribbon of grass. She turned to see what effect two such insects would have on the little pollen-bearer. Buzz tremblingly sat staring down at the newcomer, but anxious to hear the locust's answer.

"Oh, good day, Cousin Grasshopper. I was talking to myself about a secret I overheard. It seems the honey-bees who live in a hive across the clover-field, there, are having bad times with their old Queen. Some of them wish to crown a young princess and some wish to abandon the old hive and start a new colony for themselves. As both ca'n't have their way, there is trouble brewing. I just awoke from my winter sleep in time to hear the head worker-bee talking over a plan to get rid of the Queen."

"Well, it's no business of ours, is it?" said the grasshopper, bluntly.

"Isn't it, though? Suppose I need food after my long sleep, and suppose a comb of honey is there waiting for a clever agent to help himself? If I sell the secret to the traitors of the hive for all the honey I can carry away, wouldn't that be my business?" croaked the locust.

"Say! You wouldn't be as mean as all that, would you?" asked the grasshopper scornfully.

"Oh, I wouldn't appear in the deal myself, you know. I saw a tramp-bee wander past here just before those bees alighted on the flower where they conversed, and I can use him to do the work. He begged for a bit of honey from me, but I told him I hadn't any for myself. If I can find him, I will send him to the guard-bees with this secret, and in return for my news he will share what honey he receives," explained the locust.

"Mr Locust, what do they call you—by name, I mean?" asked the grasshopper curiously.

"I am called Stripes, because of the green stripes on my wings and body. You see my thorax and femora are green also. I am descended from the genuine old Egyptian stock, although I am American born. I am found about these sections of the East at this time of year, but later I wander to the Mississippi Valley."

"My, but you are a talker! I merely asked you your name and in one breath you tell me the whole family history. No wonder your voice is so raspy."

The locust was so indignant at the insult from a lowly grasshopper that he might have fought his cousin, but he was naturally lazy and was not in good condition after his long sleep. He controlled his anger, therefore, and tried to bribe the grasshopper, instead.

"What is your name, brave cousin?" asked he.

"I'm Greeny—from the common field nearby. I make no claim to ancestry, but I do my part in the plan of Nature. And let me tell you, that Nature abhors a sneak or one who shirks work!" returned the grasshopper with a meaning look at the locust.

"Anyone can live by working, but it takes *me* to live without working!" laughed the locust, rasping his legs against his wings.



Greeny stood watching the crafty locust for a moment, then he said: "Sorry I have such a relation in the family. You may be descended from Egyptian ancestry, but you are a common rascal for all that!"

Having delivered this scathing denunciation, Greeny turned away and in a few jumps disappeared in the tall weeds. The amazed locust shrugged his tough shoulders and said: "Did you ever!"

Buzz and Alice looked at each other in silence for a few moments before Buzz whispered: "Come with me! Let us fly away from here as quickly as possible or that locust may harm us."

Alice was as anxious to be gone as Buzz could be, so the two hurriedly soared up and away from the place. Once safely out of hearing of the locust, the two alighted upon a fence-post and planned.

"Now that I see you well, I understand that you could not possibly pass into our hive for a bee. You are no larger than I am, it is true, and your wings are the same as mine, but you are a little girl just the same, and the guards will recognize you as such the moment they see you. Now, what can we do to have you stay with us and help us out of our trouble?" remarked Buzz.

"I've just been thinking. It happens that the time is most convenient for me to be absent from home for a few days, as my father and mother are going away on a visit and I will not

be missed by the servants. But I must have some place to live in while I am helping you bees settle your family troubles," answered Alice.

The two sat puzzling over such an apparent difficulty, when big Bombus flew past. He saw Buzz and her companion sitting on the fence, so he stopped beside them to inquire into their anxiety.

"I see the little girl drank the nectar from the wild-rose cup," hinted Bombus, as he smiled broadly.

"Yes, and I grew as small as Buzz, here, the moment I had finished the drink," rejoined Alice,

"But we are worrying over what to do with her tonight, Bombus, for you know she will never be allowed to go inside our hive," said Buzz, anxiously.

"Hum! Let me think a moment!" murmured Bombus, puckering his fat brow in thought.

Then he exclaimed: "I have it! Just the place for you. I know of a fine suite of rooms made last spring by a carpenter-bee. But the bee found a better location and never occupied this home. It is burrowed out of an old fence-rail that is under the cherry tree in the orchard where Buzz lives. You will be quite near the bees yet as comfortable and undisturbed as if in your own bed at home."

"Good! Show us the place at once, please, Mr Bombus," said Buzz, jumping up to start off.

Bombus then led the way to the fence-rail and Alice saw as neat and safe a refuge as if she were in her own home. After thanking Bombus for showing them the place, the little ones watched the bumblebee fly away. Then Buzz said good-night and flew towards the hive which was near enough to be seen from the fence-rail. After Alice found herself alone, she decided to fly home and make sure she was not missed by anyone; then she could return to the carpenter-bee's burrow and sleep securely for the night.



CHAPTER II

Plots and Counterplots

When Buzz reached the hive and dumped the load of yellow pollen into a house bee's panniers, she whispered softly: "Have you seen Madam Zumm since she came home?"

"Yes; she went to her cell to rest, being quite tired out with such a hard day's work."

Buzz waited to hear no more, but started off through the wax corridors looking for Zumm's cell. At a sudden turn in the comb-corridor she came face to face with a row of ventilating bees who halted her.

"Here, you little nuisance! Hurry away from here—the Queen is coming this way."

"I only wanted to find Madam Zumm," quavered Buzz, but trying to look beyond the squad of bees to see what the imperial bee-queen looked like.

"Zumm went to her cell for the night. Turn to your left and take the first corridor going upward," replied the leader of the fanning-bees, giving Buzz a push that sent her against the wax-wall.

Buzz heard the firm and determined step of the Queen as she approached the group, but another fanning-bee hurried the curious little pollen-bearer out of the way so she had to give up the hope of seeing the old Queen.

She soon forgot this disappointment in the fact that she had such unusual news for Zumm to hear. What would the worker-bee say when she heard of Stripes' plot to steal honey from the hive, and the surprise in hearing that Alice decided to remain within call to assist the bees if they needed her help!

The moment Buzz reached the worker-bee's cell she rapped on the thin wax-partition. Zumm crawled out to see who wanted her. The pollen-bearer had just begun her story about Stripes and Greeny, when the bugler-bee sounded the sunset call that summoned all bees, still out, to hurry to the hive to be indoors before dew began falling.

"There goes the first evening call, Buzz. Soon the bees will be flocking in through the corridors to go to their beds. You must tell me the important facts and wait with the story till the morning," said Zumm, anxiously.

As she spoke, the worker-bee led Buzz away from her cell and showed her a comparatively secluded place at the top of the comb, where no one would be apt to disturb them.

Buzz then quickly told her the main facts in the tale and as she finished telling about the carpenter-bee's burrow where Bombus took Alice, the second call sounded from the buglers on the alighting-board in front of the hive.

These buglers are peculiarly fitted to sound a far-reaching call that echoes over field and meadow and reaches the bees at a great distance from the hive. Buglers also sound the call every noon when bees are expected to fly home for a period of recreation in front of their home-hive. The call also sounds at the approach of a thunder-storm, or if any accident happens

to the inmates of the hive. In the latter case, bees flock home to fight for their colony or protect it against all dangers.

"There goes the second call, Buzz; we must separate or we may be accused of plotting. From what you tell me, I gather that the grasshopper is very fair in his judgement but that the locust is crafty and dangerous; so we must deal with Stripes before he has time to plot with the tramp-bee to rob us. Now is there anything else?" Buzz thought she had told enough terrifying news for once, but Zumm was as calm as ever and merely asked was there "anything else".

"Nothing more, excepting about the little girl," said Buzz.

"I'll see her in the morning. Now run away to bed and forget all this trouble in sleep," said Zumm, kindly, patting the pollen-bearer on her fuzzy head.

Buzz soon fell asleep and dreamed of mad locusts and good-hearted grasshoppers, but Madam Zumm could not close her bee-eyes all night for worrying over the distressing news she had heard from the pollen-bearer. If that locust managed to interest the tramp-bee in the plot, there would be trouble for everyone, for she knew what a menace a tramp-bee was to every decent bee-hive known!

So Zumm was glad to hear the buglers call out the bees from their cells in the morning. The first duty of every bee was to attend to the washing and combing of their fuzzy bodies—a most interesting procedure as you can see by the following:—

A bee has on each foreleg an appliance which serves a very important office. It is a semi-circular notch fringed with strong hair. When the leg is bent up this notch, or hook, catches on the upper joint, thus forming an eyelet. Through this loop the bee thrusts her antennae in and out quickly to cleanse it. She does this many times during the day, as well, to keep it clean and trustworthy. If any pollen adheres to a bee's tongue, it is cleaned off in the same manner.

When the bee has washed all over with a moist antenna and her fuzzy hair is ready for combing, her saw-edged legs are used to curry down the soft hair that covers her body and jointed legs. This natural comb of stiff bristles is also used to scrape off any pollen that might cling to her body during the day and pack it firmly in the pollen-panniers made by depressions on her hind-legs.

The moment the guard-bee at the entrance to the hive called out: "Water-carriers to work! The hive needs water!" a troop of bees hurried out to the alighting-board, ready to start when the signal was given.

The guards allowed them to pass out and in another moment they were winging away—some to go to the gurgling brook that ran through the farm, while others lapped the dewdrops from leaves or blossoms nearer home. The water-carriers then returned, one by one, with sacs well filled with water. They deposited their precious loads in special cells made for that purpose and then flew away for more.

After the water-carriers had been ordered out to work, the fanning-bees, who acted as ventilating-sentinels all night, shifted squads with the day-fanners. The night-workers retired while the day-fanners stationed themselves at various places vacated by the night-squad—a group posted itself before the entrance, another one stood just inside the door, and still other groups placed themselves at angles throughout the comb and at the top.

These fanning-bees move their wings so rapidly that you cannot see them whirl; instead, it looks as if their wings were a misty blur of gauze. The fanners outside the gateway stand in a row reaching from the opening to the edge of the board. Their faces are all turned towards the hive and they stand absolutely still while their wings whirl in a rotary motion that fans air inside the hive.

The squad inside the doorway now fan the air up through the wax corridors. The other squads standing at corners of the comb send this fresh air along through all the side corridors and cells. At the top of the comb the group of fanners force the pure air into upper cells and fan the foul air down and out a back corridor.

The moment Zumm had finished her morning toilette she hurried out and away, expecting to be back long before Buzz would be ready to take her to the retreat where Alice had hidden all night. But the little pollen-bearer lounged about the comb wondering where Zumm could be, and still the old worker-bee came not.



Meantime the sanitary-corps had finished cleaning out the cells that had been tenanted the night before, and were moving downward through the corridors, cleaning away bits of wax, dead larvae, and bee-waste that had accumulated during the night. As the cleaning-bees pushed the trash onward into the main corridor, Buzz found herself in the way at every turn. So, to escape the dirt and scolding of the sanitary-corps, she ran to hide inside the main doorway.

She had not been there more than a moment when the master-architect of the hive ordered any extra pollen-bearers still waiting about to hurry forth for *propolis*. It seems that several bad crevices in the comb had just been discovered by

the mending-bees and the best material with which to mend cracks or broken-down wax-walls is the *propolis*, a resinous substance found in some plants and shrubs.

Buzz knew from experience what a sticky paste this *propolis* was, and how it had to be tamped down in the hollow panniers on a bee's leg by means of the antennae. But this tamping always left the antennae and panniers in such a state that a hard long scrubbing had to be given the legs and head of the bee so unfortunate as to be sent on the mission.

Buzz hated to go after propolis, but she had already shirked the pollen-carrying that morning to be able to find Zumm, so now she crept further back in the corner to escape the notice of the architect who was noting every little bee that flew away to obey his orders.

The architect-bee then hurried inside again to tell his mending-corps what to do, and Buzz sighed with relief. But she sighed too soon. The gate-warder spied her inside the doorway and was about to challenge her when she decided to rush out and pretend to be in a hurry to fly away to work.

Fortune favoured Buzz this time, for just as she ran out to the alighting-board, a company of young pollen-bearers alighted to deposit their loads with the house-bees. They were told the new order for propolis, and amidst the grumbling of the young bees, Buzz managed to escape the guard's attention.

About the same time that the first pollen-bearers had emptied their panniers and started off for the propolis, a crew of surveyor-bees flew down and alighted on the board. Buzz saw the head-warder go over to the captain of the surveyors, while the other guards seemed in a hurry to get the pollen-bearers away.

"They act very strange, and everyone has forgotten me. Zumm said that the guards were opposed to her plans for the

welfare of the colony, and maybe I can learn something important if I hide about somewhere."

Without any loss of time, therefore, Buzz crawled under the board and listened with all her might. The moment the last young pollen-bearer had gone for propolis, the captain of the surveying-bees spoke.

"I found a wonderful place to live. Secluded, flower-embowered, and most desirable from a bee's point of view."

"Is it far from here!" questioned the guard-captain.

"Not so very far—in fact it is near enough to make us feel at home but far enough to avoid meetings with the old bees of this hive."

"That sounds good. But we must keep this secret, or the old worker-bees will act before we have time to kidnap the best princess. They are set on keeping to this old-fashioned hive with a new Queen, but we want up-to-date things and the only way to get it is to swarm away from here with all the bees we can enlist with us," explained the captain of the guard.

Buzz now heard for herself how true were the words Zumm spoke, and she wished she could do something then and there to break up the plotters' plans. But the surveyor was speaking again, so she bent forward to listen.

"We just stopped off to report and if you think it best to swarm away soon, we can go to live in the place I just told you of. But I might find a better place if you give me time enough."

"See what you can do, as we wo'n't swarm for a day or two, anyway. Matters are not quite settled to my satisfaction yet, and we must secure more good bees to go with us, you know," replied the guard-captain.

Buzz then saw the surveying-bees fly away, and she quickly flew down to the grass and crawled away to reach the fence-rail where she had left Alice the night previous.

The little girl had thought it great fun to crawl into a carpenter-bee's abandoned burrow to sleep, and she giggled as she fancied what her mother and father would have said about her diminutive size and the gauzy wings just like Buzz's. Then she fell asleep.

In the morning she awoke by hearing a loud buzzing at the opening to the burrow, and hurrying out she found Buzz there.

"My, but you are lazy! If we bees stayed in bed like you do, we'd never have any honey stored up for winter use."

"It ca'n't be so very late, Buzz, as I see the sunbeams just shining over the top of that hill."

"Maybe *you* think it is early, but a bee is always up and busy with the dawn. If we waited for the sun to shine high in the heavens, we'd waste the time we use for toilet purposes and hive-cleaning," replied Buzz.

"Well, now that I'm awake, please show me where I can bathe. After that I'll be ready to breakfast with you," said Alice, never dreaming that Buzz had finished breakfast an hour before.

"What do you generally have for breakfast?" asked Buzz, curiously.

"Oh, I always have a dish of fruit first, then a bowl of cereal, if I like; I sometimes have a soft-boiled egg and toast, and a glass of milk. What do you have?"

Buzz's bee-eyes almost popped out of her head at the list of things Alice generally ate for a light breakfast, but she recovered herself and answered:

"A bee never breakfasts on anything more than a sip of dew and a draught of nectar. Even that we have to go out and gather for ourselves."

"Dear me! Is that all I can have?" asked Alice, wonderingly.

"You are so tiny now, you couldn't possibly eat all you used to when you were grown-up. But come with me and see!"

Alice was then shown a tiny pool of water that had collected on a plantain-leaf and provided an excellent bath. After she had refreshed herself by splashing in the cool water, she flew with Buzz to the clover-field where plenty of food was to be had for the seeking. On the way there, Buzz told the little girl all about the discoveries in the hive.



“Dear me! What will you do to save the colony?” asked Alice, shocked at the news of the plot.

“I’m going to find Madam Zumm first of all and tell her what the surveying-bee said; then I will do as she advises.”

“Whatever you do, will you let me go with you?” asked Alice eagerly.

“Yes, if you promise not to become tired before the day is over.”

“Oh, I wo’n’t—not with these new wings, you know,” said Alice, delightedly.

Buzz and Alice soon breakfasted at the clover-field, and then the former sought for Zumm, but she could only find Brownie, Madam Zumm’s best friend.

“Madam Brownie, can you tell me where I can find Zumm? I have important news for her,” said Buzz, politely.

The worker-bee addressed sat up on a clover-leaf and mopped her warm head with her funny forelegs before she replied. "Are you Buzz, the young pollen-bearer!" queried she, finally.

"Of course—don't you recognize me!" tittered Buzz.

"Oh, all pollen-bearers look alike to me. But Zumm is the bee to fuss over you young ones! She told me to tell you she had urgent business with a locust at the tree where the goldenrod grows."

Buzz and Alice exchanged glances. Then Buzz said: "Thank you, Brownie, we'll go right over there."

"Who's your friend, Buzz? I never saw a bee with a body like that," said Madam Brownie, curiously looking the child over.

"I guess you haven't! Alice just turned into this size for convenience' sake yesterday. She drank some rose-nectar to grow the wings," explained Buzz.

Madam Brownie showed how surprised she was, for she had never heard of a human being growing bee-wings, and she thought she knew her bee-history as well as any worker! In fact, every bee learns the traditions handed down from one generation of bees to the next one. And in this way, bees have remembered habits and bee-wisdom as practised and known by their ancestors in the Stone Age—that was long before the advent of mankind on earth.

Buzz and Alice then took wing to find the place where they hoped to meet Zumm. The little girl felt so delighted at soaring high in the sunshine that she almost felt like remaining a honey-bee all her life. But a subtle pang of regret, when she remembered her dear father and mother and lovely home, changed her desire to that of pleasure in a temporary bee-experience.

As the two little companions drew near the trysting-place they heard an awful rasping sound that mingled with the

buzzing of a mad worker-bee. Alice caught hold of Buzz's foreleg in her dread of what had happened.

No worker-bee was to be seen on the goldenrod, but the two little friends alighted on the tip-edge of the blossom and gazed about fearfully to locate the two who were quarreling.

"Oh, my goodness!" exclaimed Alice, pointing towards the mossy spot where she had reclined the day previous.

And this is what Buzz saw.

Madam Zumm locked in the deadly embrace of the locust! Each was trying to overpower the other to gain the opportunity to drive the weapon Nature bestowed to fight with. But neither bee nor insect could subdue the other.

Zumm had recklessly sought the rascal to kill him before he had had time to meet the tramp-bee and bribe him to steal. But Zumm was tired out with overwork, and quite aged for a worker-bee, so she was not equal to the locust.

Stripes, on the other side, was fresh from his long sleep, but had not yet hardened his body as it would be later in the season. He had not yet exercised enough to strengthen himself, so the wiry bee was his match in this way. While Stripes tried to bite Zumm to poison her, the worker-bee tried to sting the locust in a vital spot between the joint-plates.

"Alice, you sit here while I try to help poor Madam Zumm. I haven't much power in my stinger yet, but I can fight Stripes while the worker-bee uses her stinger on him!"

So saying, the little pollen-bearer flew off; but even as Buzz left the flower-crown, Alice saw the swift flash of a steel-blue jointed body swoop down. In another second a poisoned rapier ran between the smooth plates of the locust's armour, but it did not penetrate to a vital spot. The pain, however, made Stripes loosen his grip on Zumm and gave her an opportunity to squirm out from the grasp of the long jagged legs.

The frenzied locust rolled over to clutch the worker-bee again, and might have choked the life out of Zumm, had not the same slender body thrust a sharp weapon into the heart of Stripes. The virulent poison that coursed into the wound now convulsed the locust's body and he stiffened out his legs in a death agony.

Alice had witnessed the drama breathlessly, for she feared Stripes might jump up and kill Buzz as well as the worker-bee. When the locust rolled over dead, she sighed in relief. But she heard Buzz speaking to the brave defender of the worker-bee, so she listened to hear what was said.

"Lady, I've never met you before, but you have saved my old friend and I thank you," Buzz was saying.

"I am Miss Wasp, who was befriended by Madam Zumm some time ago. I just happened to pass by here and saw the fight, so it gave me an opportunity to pay my debt of gratitude."

"Oh, I thought wasps were enemies of honeybees!" gasped Buzz, moving closer to Zumm, who still lay panting on the ground.

"We are said to be so, by some folks, but everything in the world is changing in these times, and so the old state of animosity between Nature's children must give way, too. It is high time we began to practise the millennial life now."

As Miss Wasp rasped out her words, Madam Zumm found her breath again. She murmured her thanks for what had been done.

"Don't mention it, Madam Zumm. I suppose you forget what you did for a young wasp early in the spring, eh?"

Zumm could not recollect, so Miss Wasp continued: "I was out hunting food and had found a nice fat grub to take back to my home. I paralysed it as usual—so I thought—to make it helpless, when it suddenly turned and wrapped itself about my body so that I could not move. It was going to smother

me, as a boa-constrictor kills its victims, but you happened to be sitting on a flower nearby, and heard me cry for help.

"You did not stop to ascertain that I was only a common wasp, but placing a well-aimed stinger in the worm, you soon had me free.

"I thanked you then, but you merely tossed your proud bee-head and said: 'I am Zumm! Head-worker at Dagobell's Court, and you owe me no thanks.'

"Then you flew away, but I called out: 'Some day I may find a way to cancel my debt.'

"Madam Zumm, I have now paid my obligation to you."

With a graceful bow, Miss Wasp concluded. Alice was so interested in this unusual scene in bee-life that she crept down the flower-stem and managed to get quite close to the group.

"Miss Wasp, you were quite right that day. I was too proud to accept your thanks, but there always comes a time when pride is humbled, so now I ask your pardon for my scorn and tender you my deepest gratitude," murmured Madam Zumm, weakly.

"Then we both are grateful. But do not try to speak again until you are quite recovered from the shock. In fact, you should have perfect quiet and rest for a few days," replied the wasp.

"Oh, Madam Zumm! Don't go and die just now when we need you so much!" cried Buzz, as she saw Zumm close her bee-eyes and roll over in the grass.

Alice could not restrain herself at that, but hurried over to help. "Buzz, ca'n't you get her a drink of water? I hear that water is good for fainting people—why not for fainting bees!"

Zumm opened her eyes at sound of the strange little voice, but recognizing the little girl who drank the nectar from the rose, replied faintly: "Children, I fear I shall never see our

hive again, but I must tell you something before I die. Come closer so I need not raise my voice."

Buzz and Alice bent over the worker-bee, while Miss Wasp waited at a respectful distance.

"Buzz, Brownie ought to know of this fight and my injury. I came here on purpose to find and kill this locust to prevent him from plotting with the tramp-bee. Had his plot succeeded, our entire colony might have been destroyed by the jealous queen-bee. I risked my own life to save the family, and I feel that I have not sacrificed myself in vain. When you tell Brownie about it, add that she must follow the plans we made for a new queen without delay."

Madam Zumm's voice grew fainter at the last words, but an unexpected interruption suddenly made her revive.

"What is all this confusion about?"

Alice instantly recognized the gruff tones of Greeny, the grasshopper, but the insect would not come out from the tall shelter of weeds when he saw the wasp standing with the bees.

Zumm and Buzz trembled, for they feared the consequences of killing the grasshopper's cousin. But Alice had no such fears.

"Oh, Mr Greeny, do come over and hear what has happened to the locust. Miss Wasp had to kill him to save Madam Zumm!" exclaimed she, excitedly.

"Humph—indeed! Well, the world wo'n't miss such a scapegrace as Stripes was. I was ashamed to call him my cousin," said Greeny, but keeping his eye on the wasp.

Miss Wasp laughed mockingly, for she knew why the grasshopper remained under cover. "Never fear me at such a time, Mr Greeny. I would not touch a speck of your green body while these friends are with us."

The grasshopper then summoned courage and, after brushing his dusty coat and high hat, came forth. Turning to

Madam Zumm, he said: "Then you did not know that the locust met the tramp-bee last night and told him about your plan to have a new queen. He told the tramp-bee to make friends with the guard-bees and try to get inside the hive. Then he could get an opportunity to tell the Queen all about it."

As Greeny explained, Alice thought such a shock must surely kill Zumm, but the news acted like a tonic. The worker-bee thought only of her home and colony and not of herself; therefore, she forgot her injuries and weakened condition in her anxiety to act at once.

"Oh, Mr Greeny, I can see you are withholding something from me! I am an old bee now and not to be dismayed. Tell me all, I beg of you."

"I was about to start for your hive to warn you, Madam Zumm, for this locust was not to my liking. We grasshoppers are simple, honest fellows with no experience in craftiness. I was just leaving the weeds when I heard Stripes' raucous screeching and hurried over here to find you two fighting. I would have helped you myself, had not Miss Wasp done so neatly what all of us together could not have accomplished so well," replied Greeny.

During the grasshopper's speech, Zumm wondered how she could ever manage to get home to direct matters at the hive. As Greeny concluded, Zumm planned.

"It will soon be noon when all the bees assemble at the hive for recreation time. That tramp-bee must not be allowed to be about the door when the house-bees come out for fresh air. He may find the Queen left alone at such a time and that will be his chance, you see. Now how can I prevent such a meeting when I am here with broken wings and no way to reach the hive?"

"Madam Zumm, how would it do to send Miss Wasp to the hive to treat the tramp-bee as she did the locust just now!" suggested Alice.

Everyone turned and looked at her in surprise. To think a little girl should think of such a clever idea!

"That's very fine! I will go at once, and should I meet the tramp-bee, you need have no more fear of him," replied Miss Wasp, meaningly.

Before any objections could be raised, the wasp flew away to do as she promised. But no sooner was she out of sight, than Buzz remembered why she had been so eager to find Zumm that morning. She hastily told of the plot the surveying-bee had made with the guard-captain, and having concluded, waited for advice.

Zumm sighed as if all was lost! Greeny shook his head as if in despair, but Alice had another brilliant idea.

"Listen! Why ca'n't Buzz and I lift Madam Zumm upon the grasshopper's back and hold her on while he carries her back to the hive? There she can direct everything as she sees fit."

"You seem not to understand, dear child, that a bee colony never permits a helpless bee or one sick or useless, to remain in the hive. Such a one is put out of the way without any compunction, as so many need the food and place of a useless bee. Even though I could save the colony with my help and advice, it is the custom to kill all workless bees," explained Zumm, sadly.

"Well then, I have another plan. Let Greeny carry you back, and Buzz and I will seek for and find a little place where you can live alone till you are quite well and strong again."

Even as she spoke, Alice had an inspiration!

"I have it! Madam Zumm can live in the carpenter-bee's burrow where I slept last night. It is high and dry and just the apartment for a worker-bee who needs rest and quiet."

"Great!" exclaimed Buzz, admiringly.

"This is something new—tell me about it, Buzz," said Madam Zumm, with eagerness.

Buzz then told her friend about the burrow and Zumm felt elated over the prospect of living so near her dear old hive but in perfect seclusion and safety. There was but one drawback.

"If I move into the burrow, where can Alice go? I would not deprive her of the room after she has been so kind to us."

"Oh, I can sleep anywhere, you know, as I am a little girl. Night-dew ca'n't hurt me—in fact, sleeping out-of-doors is most beneficial for people."

"I say, accept Alice's offer, Madam Zumm, and let me carry you there at once," ventured the grasshopper, politely.

"Very well, my friends, I gratefully agree," said Zumm.

"Before you start, however, you must have a bit of food—how long since you had breakfast?" remarked Alice.

"I never thought of breakfast as I was too anxious to get here and save my people," replied the worker-bee.

"No wonder you feel faint! I shouldn't wonder but that most of your ailing is due to weakness," exclaimed Alice.

"I'll hunt you up some nectar right away, Zumm," added Buzz, flying off to do as she said.

"While Buzz is finding some food, I'll bring you a leaf-cup with dew still in it, and you can wash your face, Madam Zumm," offered Alice.

The little girl turned to go into the weed-patch, but Greeny bowed: "Allow me, Miss Alice, to show you where to find the best kind of water-holder. A lily-cup, or wild orchid, generally holds dew a long time, but I ca'n't bring one as I ca'n't break it from the stem; you can, however, and between us we will carry it back to Zumm."

So they did, and after Madam Zumm had washed and tidied herself, Buzz returned with the nectar held in a tiny

flower-cup. Food and drink refreshed the worker-bee so that she felt better.

"If only my wings were not so badly broken I would be as well as ever," said she, looking sorrowfully at the useless wings.

"Don't cry over that, but crawl upon my back so we can start without further delay," admonished Greeny.

Soon, the trip towards the rail-fence where the burrow would provide a good home for Zumm was undertaken, while Buzz and Alice flew on ahead to see if the way was all clear.

As the two little friends flew in advance, Buzz said: "I hope to goodness that that tramp-bee is caught before he can cause more trouble."

"The faster we fly, the quicker we will know what Miss Wasp is doing," said Alice with common sense.

So the two flew in a bee-line for the garden where the hive stood under a sheltering cherry tree. It was not yet noon, and Buzz told Alice that the bugler had not yet sounded the call for recess. But they saw scores of workers winging home from every direction. They were carrying great loads of nectar to deposit with the house-workers, after which they would be free to enjoy the recreation hour.

"There's Miss Wasp—sitting on the rail-fence near the hive," suddenly whispered Buzz.

"Sure enough! Let us fly over and ask her what she has done "with the tramp," returned Alice.

The moment the two little friends came within hearing of the wasp, they asked questions eagerly.

"Sh! Not so loud or someone will hear you. Now I advise Buzz to fly over to the alighting-board and mingle with the other bees. I do not think the tramp-bee has gone inside yet, or there would not be so much contentment apparent with the other bees about the entrance. I am not permitted to get near the door, but Buzz can. I will watch and the moment I

see a tramp I will take him in charge. If you hear or see anything suspicious down at the hive, let me know at once.

“Meantime, Alice can wait for Madam Zumm and show her to the carpenter-bee’s burrow and watch with her until we report there. What do you say to that plan?”

“Splendid! Buzz, you hurry away now, but be careful not to let the bees suspect anything unusual,” said Alice, wisely.

So everyone flew away on individual tasks, while matters at the hive were fast approaching a crisis, but Buzz knew nothing of it at the time.





CHAPTER III

Unexpected Meetings

Buzz reached the gateway of the hive just as Brownie deposited a load of nectar with the house-bees and was coming forth again. Both felt glad to meet, as Brownie was anxious to hear how Zumm fared with the meeting of the locust, and Buzz thought that perhaps the worker-bee might give her some information about the tramp-bee.

Just then the bugler called for recreation time and the two bees crawled up the rear-side of the hive to sit unseen and talk. Consequently, they were not seen by the surveying-bees when they alighted on the board and mixed with the guards to allay any suspicion.

Meantime, Buzz saw the captain-of-the-surveying bees signal covertly to the head-guard bee, and the latter withdrew from his guards and join the surveyor.

"Did you ever! They're conniving at something," whispered Brownie.

"Sh! I want to hear what they have to say about swarming away from here," returned Buzz, leaning far out the better to hear, while she clung to the hive with her tiny claw-like feet.

A bee, a fly, and many other crawling creatures, can walk on upside-down or polished surfaces because they have vacuum pads under their feet which enable them to cling safely.

The surveying-bee was saying: "I find those new hives I told you of this morning belong to a faddist who bought showy ready-made hives but hasn't the slightest idea of how to handle bees. The hives look fine but are not practical for us. So that does away with the site I suggested. Now I heard of another one that I will inspect this afternoon, but may be too late to plan for a swarm today."

"I see!" murmured the guard-captain. "But it ca'n't be helped, you know. Now I have news for you, too. It may turn out just as well for us not to leave here today. Listen!

"After you left me this morning a tramp-bee sidled up and saluted us. You know, we never allow a tramp-bee near the place as he may carry disease, bee-lice, or other plagues to our colony. Therefore I ordered him to be off.

"But he stood at a respectful distance and said he had private information for me to hear about a plan to assassinate the old queen.

"Fancy how I flew over to keep him quiet, for our bees must not hear of anything unusual! Then he told me of a plot made by Madam Zumm, the old worker-bee, to remove the old queen and marry off a new one for this hive. This done, they will put us out to tramp for ourselves. They are keeping it very quiet because they fear the old queen may try to kill the royal bee-princesses if she suspects the truth.

"The tramp proposed a plan that seems reasonable. He will seek the queen and tell her of Zumm's plan, if we, in turn, will give him all the honey he can carry away from here.

"I told him I would give him an answer this afternoon. I wanted to consult you first. The honey doesn't concern me as we will not have that after we leave here anyway. But I was doubtful about letting him in at once. The queen might fly

into one of her awful rages and run for the royal cells. If she once breaks down the walls she will have the young princesses at her mercy, and then we wo'n't have a bride for our new hive.

"I think it is best to find the future hive, then get our princess out and induce her to elope with a drone before we let this tramp-bee carry out his plan.

"Once we have Deborah out and are safely on our way to a new home, we need not concern ourselves about the other princesses, or what happens to the colony here."

As the guard-captain finished speaking, Buzz almost fell off the board in her surprise at hearing such awful plots. But the surveying-bee answered and she was anxious to hear him.

"This tramp-bee coming along just when he did seems to offer us a fine excuse for kidnapping Deborah. There is sure to be a great battle between the queen and her followers, and the worker-bees and theirs. In all this confusion we can fly away without being missed. Many of the present colony will be killed off, and the rest will be so frightened when they leave here that they will settle with some strange swarm, most likely."

"Then you approve of hiring the tramp-bee to carry out the plan and let him have the honey already stored in the cells?" asked the guard-captain eagerly.

"Certainly! We ca'n't move the honey away and it wo'n't do us any good here. Let the tramp take it."

"I thought there might be a few bees left alive who would fight for their winter-store of honey," explained the guard.

"They wo'n't need it this winter," laughed the surveying-bee heartlessly. "With all the princesses dead, and an old queen who ca'n't produce any new eggs, this family will be gone before cold weather."

Brownie and Buzz exchanged angry glances but they had to keep silent or be discovered. Besides, the guard continued his explanations.

"True! But even allowing for the tramp's plans to go astray, we will not be the losers by the attempt. We will have Deborah out of harm's way. The old queen cannot continue laying eggs for a new family to take the place of the ones we coax to go with us to the new hive. Even if she could produce eggs, it will take from fifteen to eighteen days to complete the royal hatching. In that time the nectar harvest will be almost over, and the baby-bees will only be an added care for the hive and not the help they would be if hatched now.

"As for us: with a new home and a healthy young bee-queen, we will have on an average of two thousand eggs laid every day for the next few weeks. In a short time we ought to have at least twenty thousand young workers bringing in nectar for our store-cells. Before Winter overtakes us, we can fill every store-cell and be ready to rest until Spring."

The captain of the guard nodded his head knowingly, and the surveyor turned and asked: "You have mentioned Deborah as the princess for us to take—why?"

"For many reasons. First, she has been brought up in the largest royal cell built on the edge of the comb where the circulation of fresh air is constant and best. This gives her more oxygen than the other royal cells receive, and it produced a more vigorous young princess. The nurses say that she digests more specially prepared bee-jelly, too, and recently she demanded the golden bee-jelly made from the carefully prepared yellow pollen given to brides."

"Be careful to protect Deborah if the queen starts to battle inside the hive. We would be in an awful fix if that queen killed our princess along with the others," came anxiously from the surveyor-bee.

"You can leave that to me! In case of extremity I had planned to sound the call for help. That will bring all the out-flying worker-bees to protect their home, you know. When they see a battle raging indoors I will tell them that a tramp-bee crept in and enraged the inmates. Then they will pounce upon the tramp and execute him so he will not be given an opportunity to peach on us."

"You are a clever plotter, Mr Guard, and I feel sure your plan will not go amiss," said the surveyor, admiringly.

As the two whisperers parted company, Buzz turned to Brownie. "I must let Miss Wasp know of this plot at once, Brownie. And you ought to tell Zumm and ask her advice, but you also ought to spy here and see if the tramp-bee comes along."

"You hurry away to the cherry tree and tell Miss Wasp of this affair, and then do as she advises. From all accounts, that wasp must be a very clever insect. Later you can see Zumm. I will keep watch here in case of any new developments at the hive."

So Brownie was left at the hive while Buzz flew quickly away towards the cherry tree. Here she found Miss Wasp in conversation with Bombus who had escorted Greeny and Madam Zumm along the highway from the goldenrod to the carpenter-bee's burrow.

Miss Wasp greeted Buzz with the exclamation: "Well! I began to think the tramp had gotten you!"

Buzz passed over the remark as she had such vital news to confide to her friends. Then she told of the plot laid by the guards. When she had finished Bombus hummed indignantly as he blustered forth: "I'll teach those rascals to plot this way! Why I'll swoop down and carry them off willy-nilly!"

"You'd better leave them to me, Mr Bombus! We wasps are trained by our wits to fight, and many a dangerous insect or creature we have eluded by using our instinct. Now this

tramp-bee is a parasite-bee and one you honey-bees should not come in contact with. But I know how to manage such a creature. Leave him to me, and then—for the captain of surveyors and the guard!”

“Oh, if you only could, Miss Wasp!” sighed Buzz.

“I can, little bee; now come and see what has been done during your absence.”

The wasp then led the way to the fence-rail close by. In the warm sunshine reclined Zumm with Greeny keeping guard over her. Alice sat before the entrance to the carpenter-bee’s burrow directing the work of a score of old worker-bees.

“Why! Where did you find them?” asked Buzz.

“At the call for recreation they flew past here for the hive. Bombus blocked their way and then told them about Madam Zumm. They eagerly offered to help, and so they came over and started to build the wax-cells inside the burrow. When this is done, Bombus has agreed to fill them with nectar.”

“How good of you, Mr Bombus,” murmured Buzz, gratefully.

“Nothing at all—nothing at all, miss,” muttered Bombus.

Then Buzz went up and joined Alice. The little girl was having the time of her life with all the bees doing just as she directed them to. Buzz smiled as she watched but she admitted that Alice understood just how to start a bee in housekeeping.

When Buzz had told her little friend of the new plot, Alice replied: “Let us tell Madam Zumm at once. She will advise.”

So Madam Zumm was told the story and she pondered well before she said: “It seems to me that the way to prevent the tramp from gaining admittance to the queen is to deal with the guard first, then watch for the tramp to come along and carry him away quickly. The surveying-bee can be handled much better with his confederates out of the way. I am glad

you left Brownie on guard. She is a wise old worker-bee and will know what to do in case of an emergency.

"In Bee Law it is not only legal but necessary for a colony to kill off the old queen when she grows too old to be of service to the community. Egg-laying is a necessity in the life of the colony, and when this stops, the family dies out. To keep up the necessary size of the bee-family, a young and healthy queen must be crowned to take the place of the old dethroned queen. So we have not plotted against a life, but we have planned for the welfare of the entire colony when we intended to remove the queen. But she must not suspect our purpose. This is why we must use every means to arrest the other plotters and the tramp."

When Zumm finished speaking Alice made a remark.

"It seems to me, from what I saw at the goldenrod place, that Miss Wasp is able to relieve the hive of such villains. With that rapier that instantly killed Stripes, she can keep away the tramp-bee and hush the two captains as well."

The bees hummed their approval of this suggestion, and Miss Wasp added: "At least I will try to do as you say I can."

Madam Zumm saw the eager expression in Alice's eyes, and whispered: "You run along with them, child; everything here is going along fine now, and Bombus will wait to see that the burrow is finished with its wax-compartments."

So Alice flew away with Buzz and Miss Wasp, and Greeny said he would go about his business in the field but call in the morning to inquire after Madam Zumm's health, The worker-bees completed their self-appointed tasks, and bade Zumm good-bye; then they, too, flew away to the clover-field for nectar.

Miss Wasp knew that she would not be allowed to get close to the gateway, so she said to Buzz: "When we reach the hive, you can find Brownie and hear if anything occurred during your absence. I will sit on that grass-spear under the hive

and wait for your return. If you need me to help and ca'n't come, just hum this way." And she tried to make a peculiar sound that could be recognized as a signal.



Alice laughed merrily for it was a very funny sound, but the little girl's laughter made Buzz remember something.

"What shall we do with Alice while I am gone? The guard wo'n't pass her inside the hive with me, you know, and she ca'n't cling to the under-side of the alighting board as I can, as she has no suction-pads on her feet."

"I guess Alice will have to sit here in the grass with me until we hear from you again," returned Miss Wasp.

Buzz winged her way to the alighting-board but there she found no warders or fanning-bees on guard.

"What carelessness! Any tramp could walk in here without detection. I wonder where the guards have gone anyway."

As she spoke a sudden thought flashed to her. "Why not call Alice to go in the hive with me? No one will know it."

She called the little girl up to the board and they were just about to creep in at the door when a cry from within made Buzz signal Miss Wasp to be ready for an attack.

Next, the guard-captain and his crew came rushing out headlong, never noticing Buzz and Alice, as they managed to hurry in. Once inside, Buzz stood back in the corner and listened to the furious captain.

"What a terrible mistake! Or else it was that that tramp is too crafty for us. He knew we were not going to make a move

today yet he went in and told the queen the whole plot. Now she is so enraged that she will kill off the princesses and we have no way to save Deborah."

Alice felt thrilled at the hope of witnessing anything so exciting as a mad queen killing off a number of royal children, but Buzz comprehended the need of immediate action on her part.

"Come with me, Alice, and let us get the houseworkers to help us capture this tramp-bee if he is indoors," urged Buzz.

The two started down the main corridor of wax, Alice looking about her with interest for she had never dreamed of seeing the inside of a bee-hive. But they had not gone far when they heard a great angry buzzing and they saw a majestic bee coming down the passage. A foreleg was raised ready to strike anyone in her pathway and under the other foreleg she carried a heavy tome called *Bee Law for a Queen's Guidance*.



Buzz pulled Alice back into a crevice made by the projecting wax-comb. Here they watched the furious queen rush past and turn into a corridor that led to the gallery of royal cells.

"Oh, my goodness me! I guess she is after the princesses. If only Brownie knew of this and could stop her from killing them! What can I do?" cried Buzz.

"Let us call together all the bees and stop her!" exclaimed Alice, anxiously.

This time it was Alice that pulled Buzz forth and started with her for a corridor whence came a chorus of hums and buzzes. Before they reached it, however, a score of frantic worker-bees headed by Brownie, rushed up.

"Brownie! Brownie! Listen! It is Buzz!" shouted the little bee to attract Brownie's attention.

Brownie waited and told the others to run on. She was so excited that she failed to notice Alice, so Buzz lost no time in introductions, but went right to the point.

"Miss Wasp is waiting outside to help us. If I could only get her in here some way, she would soon paralyse the queen!"

"But you ca'n't pass her in, I fear. You might run out and see what can be done, however," replied Brownie, then hurrying on after her companions.

"Alice, you must hide inside the door and watch whether a tramp sneaks out, while I call Miss Wasp to help us in some way. We've got to stop that queen from murdering the princesses, and that's all there is about it!" exclaimed Buzz.

Alice willingly waited inside while Buzz hurried out, to find Miss Wasp. But the captain of the guard saw her come forth and, being suspicious of everything, he prepared to follow her.

Buzz saw that she was suspected and hurriedly found Miss Wasp and told her who the bee was that was close upon her trail. The captain never dreamed that an enemy might be at hand but had just congratulated himself that he would teach that impertinent little pollen-bearer a good lesson, when he saw the flash of the wasp's rapier.

He wheeled and tried to escape, but Miss Wasp was too quick for him. The weapon went through the guard's false heart and he was left dying in the grass.

“Now Buzz—quick! What can I do to help you?” asked Miss Wasp.

“I see the surveyor-bee with the guards on the board. If he has the bugler sound a call to order all bees home to fight for their home, they will never know the truth of this story; but we can cripple him with your rapier, and then attend to the queen.”

“Just point him out to me!”

The surveying-bee was looking about for his friend, never suspecting that he was dead down in the tall grass. When Buzz alighted on the board and called to him, he turned to see what an insignificant little pollen-bearer wanted of him.

“I have news of the captain,” called Buzz.

The surveyor instantly started across the board to join the pollen-bearer, but the whirr of wings and the swoop of a long body shocked all the *bee-holders* grouped about the doorway.

Buzz quickly backed to the entrance of the hive to be out of the way during the battle. But there was no battle as the bee had been taken unawares and the wasp was ready with her rapier the moment the surveying-bee had separated himself from the others. In a moment, the sharp stinger had done its deadly work and Miss Wasp was wisely winging her way back to the leafy refuge of the cherry tree.

The bees huddled on the alighting-board were so confused by the unexpected death of the surveying captain that they could do nothing else than excitedly impart the news to every worker-bee or pollen-bearer flying in with nectar or pollen.

The moment Buzz saw the outcome of the encounter between the wasp and the surveyor, she ran in to tell the good news to Alice. The two then started off to report to Brownie but cries sounded from the direction of the royal cells and the curiosity of the pollen-bearer got the better of her duty. So she turned and led Alice down the corridor that led to the royal cells.

Just as they emerged from the side-corridor they found a niche where they could hide unseen but see all that took place in the royal corridor. There stood the queen with the other surveyor-bees, the disloyal guards, and those bees who had joined the seceding-side of the colony, fighting with the worker-bees, nurses, and house-bees, to get at the cells and destroy the princesses therein.



From inside the cells, the frightened cries of the royal bees added to the general pandemonium. Then the queen seemed to advance in her fight, for one of the cells was reached and the wax door soon broken down. To Alice's horror a young princess was dragged out and instantly killed by the enraged monarch.

The very fury of the queen inspired her followers with such daring that they soon pushed the brave workers up against the opposite wall of the corridor and this allowed the queen to tear down other cell-screens and kill other princesses as the first had been destroyed. Buzz watched the scene with morbid fascination until all royal-bees, but two, were killed outright.

Suddenly she started as if awakened from a trance.

"Good gracious, Alice!" whispered she, in a horrified hum. "If all the royal bees are killed our colony is doomed! We must do something to stop this slaughter."

"If we could only get Miss Wasp in here to paralyse the mad queen," returned Alice.

"But how can we do this? All the bees on the alighting-board would attack her and keep her from getting inside the door."

"I'll tell you what we will do? You go out and signal for Miss Wasp while I stand inside the doorway and attract the attention of the bees to me—inside the hive, you know. When they find a strange being in their sacred home-precincts they will be so troubled that they will not notice you arrive and lead the wasp in. What do you think of it?" said Alice.

Buzz considered the idea for a moment, then said: "It's not much of a plot but worth the trying if you will risk your life to do it. Supposing, however, that the bees get at you before I can interfere, and they sting you to death!"

"They ca'n't! The stings might hurt, you know, but they can never kill me as my life is not forfeit to a mere honey-bee," replied Alice seriously.

"Well, let's try the plan. It's our only hope," said Buzz.

Buzz hurried away with Alice close upon her heels, when, turning a corner in the comb, they came face to face with a ragged-looking bee. Buzz was sure it was the old tramp.

"Where away, so hurriedly, my pretty bee?" asked the wily tramp—for it *was* he.

"Oh, I am ill! I just saw such a sight that my heart almost stopped. Give me air-quickly!" cried the voice of the little girl back of the pollen-bearer.

The tramp-bee was startled to see a strange being inside the hive, for he thought he was the only alien that had ever gotten in. Even Buzz was uncertain whether Alice was pretending, or really meant that she felt ill. The little girl's next words soon explained the plan to the little pollen-bearer, however.

"Oh, my dear sir, I am fainting! Quick! Hold me up!" and at the same time she flung two strong little arms about the tramp-bee's neck so that he could not move nor obstruct Buzz's passing.

The wise little pollen-bearer understood and took advantage of the ruse. Having instantly passed by the tramp so that she was safely on the side going to the front door, she turned and said: "Carry her to the alighting-board for fresh air! I'll run ahead and clear the way!"

Buzz then rushed out and left Alice hanging to the tramp-bee. The latter, wishing he had gone some other way rather than to have had this embarrassing incident occur to him just when he was anxious to witness the battle in the royal corridor, had to take the little girl towards the doorway.

Once on the alighting-board, Buzz shouted: "Worker-bees, a tramp-bee is in that hive! Our friend Alice is holding fast to

him until you come to save her and our home. He has already connived at the murder of all the princesses and we must stop it!"

Having alarmed the poor bees and said a good word for Alice, Buzz flew for the cherry tree to find Miss Wasp. Meantime, the tramp had managed to drag the little girl to the door, but feared going out on the alighting-board where so many bees buzzed angrily.

They, not stopping to inquire whether Alice was holding fast to the tramp or the tramp holding fast to the little girl, rushed inside and surrounded the two. This was Alice's opportunity: "Arrest him, my friends! He is a villain whose lies have incensed your queen to deeds of murder! Take him out on the running-board while some of you run with me to save the princesses."

Some of the bees were so astonished at finding a strange being inside the hive that they failed to act at once. But the wise bees saw how imperative it was to act quickly, and they took the tramp a prisoner. Alice was relieved of her victim and the rascal was out on the alighting-board in a jiffy.

Buzz found Miss Wasp watching the hive and the moment the story was told both flew down to the alighting-board. They arrived just as the workers brought out the tramp.

"Stand aside, my friends, and I will punish this scamp for you!" ordered Miss Wasp, rising above the group.

Never had Miss Wasp received such respect. The bees were fully aware of the doom that awaited the tramp-bee, and willingly surrendered him to his fate. The moment they had backed away from the trembling prisoner, Miss Wasp fell down upon him and in a moment had driven her rapier home to his wicked heart.

Before Miss Wasp flew away again, Buzz ran over and said: "Don't go far, as Alice and I may need your services later on."

The wasp understood and agreed to wait in the tree. Then Buzz summoned the old workers and guards to follow and save the two princesses from death.





CHAPTER IV

The Result of the Battle

When Alice and Buzz again reached the niche from which they had witnessed the fight, they found the second to last royal cell demolished and the princess dead. The insane queen was tearing madly at the last cell that contained Deborah, the beautiful royal-bee.

The moment the worker-bees saw the state of affairs—the fighting queen and her followers, the destroyed cells, the wax scattered everywhere and the dead bodies of their royal princess-bees, they felt such a surging fury possess them that a far greater force than that ordered by the queen would have been overcome.

They quickly lined up on the side with Brownie, and in a few well-placed thrusts soon had killed off the majority of the disloyal bees who had listened to the promises of the captains.

The workers then surrounded the queen and tried to calm her fury by explaining the plot prematurely launched by the tramp.



“Your Highness,” began Brownie, the spokesman, “the tramp was hired to tell you his story just to help out the warders and surveyors who had planned to steal Deborah and swarm away to a new hive. They had to have some good excuse for leaving us, and a broken-down home with no royal bees and an old queen with no power to lay new eggs was just what they wanted.

“But now, Your Majesty, the tramp and the captains are dead, and most of their followers are also killed, and we beseech you to consider our extremity. Shall we be left to die this Winter because you have not been able to raise us young bees to carry in the food for the colony? Or will you abdicate for a young and healthy princess who will recoup our fortunes?”

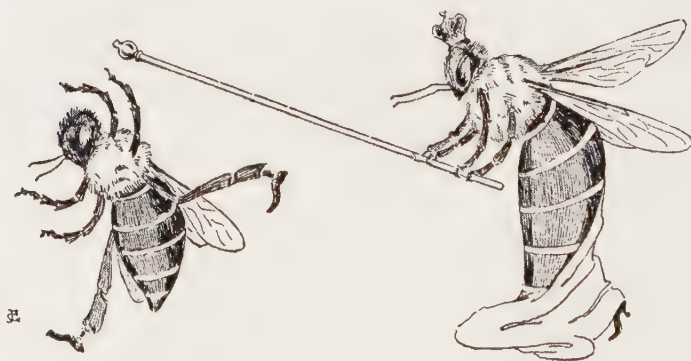
As Brownie spoke in entreating tones, Alice felt the tears come to her eyes and she felt sure the queen would respond generously to the request.

The queen listened in silence, then turned and gazed at the remnant of frightened followers who had sided with her in the fight. She understood how impossible it was for her to escape if she refused her consent to Brownie’s proposition. But she wished to spar for time, so she replied: “I must consider this matter. Had I been consulted ere this, everything would have been different.”

"Your Majesty, your time for excuses is past. You have realized our predicament for the past three months, yet you have refused to retire. Rather you have jeopardized the life of the whole colony for your selfishness. Now we will escort you to your suite and guard you till you reach a sensible decision."

Brownie delivered this ultimatum in a stern tone and summoned the royal guards to take away the queen. She, perforce, accompanied them in a condescending manner. As the last guard left the royal corridor, Buzz whispered to Alice: "Come, let us follow and see what they do to her."

The two little friends then crept softly after the guards, and hid as the queen marched into her chamber of wax. Then the head-guard turned to the royal attendants and said: "Watch her carefully. Do not allow her to pass this door as new trouble will begin once she is out of our control. She knows now that we are desperate and she will act accordingly!"



The royal attendants understood only too well, as they had had daily experience with the aged queen's selfishness and tantrums, so they promised to keep her in captivity until relieved of the guardianship.

"Come, let us hurry away before the guards come forth and see us peeping," whispered Buzz, pulling Alice away from the door of the royal suite of cells.

Hearing a commotion outside the hive, they ran to the alighting-board and found a crowd of workers surrounding the few prisoners they had captured alive. They were debating how to dispose of them.

"Why don't you tell Brownie that Miss Wasp is waiting in the cherry tree and will settle the question for her?" asked Alice of Buzz.

Instead of speaking to the old worker-bee, Buzz bade Alice wait where she was, then she flew away to the cherry tree to find the wasp. In another minute, the two were flying back to the hive, where Buzz introduced the wasp as their staunch ally in this hive-battle.

As many of the worker-bees could testify to the help the wasp had given in the case of the captains and the tramp-bee, the insect was received with approval.

"What would you advise us to do with these prisoners?" Brownie asked Miss Wasp.

"I should mete out the same punishment as that given to the leaders. Why should these escape?"

"Oh, don't kill us! Let us go away and live in exile if we must leave the hive, but at least give us our lives!" begged one of the prisoner-bees.

"You should have considered this ere you tried to destroy the home and happiness of the whole colony. Besides, it is time for a future peace to be established for all bees and if we let you go to become tramps and outcasts in bee-dom, the contented lives of many future hives will be jeopardized. No, it is better to rid the world of traitors rather than to let you go to continue your evil ways."

So spake Brownie firmly, and the other bees agreed with her. The traitors were carried to one side of the board and

securely bound by twisting their forelegs into their antennae. Then they were left to the mercy of the executioner, Miss Wasp.

"If you prefer to be spared the sight of this capital punishment, I can wait until you are all inside the hive," hinted Miss Wasp.

"Come, my friends! Let us go in and order every house-worker to work and clean away the signs of battle," said Brownie.

Now Buzz had no desire to remain indoors and work while a more delightful task remained—that of telling Madam Zumm all about the thrilling experience. So she whispered to Alice: "Follow me when the other bees hurry indoors."

Without being seen, they flew away and were soon at the burrow in the fence-rail where Zumm had made herself comfortable. Here they found Greeny entertaining the injured bee with the tale of how he had buried the locust in the rank weeds of the swamp. He was just concluding his story with the words: "I felt it a family duty to bury Stripes although I felt no regret over his demise. In fact, I think the world would be better if half of the useless and evil things *were* destroyed."

Buzz and Alice then alighted and were welcomed by Zumm, and Greeny moved aside to allow the newcomers to sit before the old bee.

Buzz told in vivid word pictures the story of the fight and the valiant part Miss Wasp played in the saving of the colony. As Zumm heard how her beloved home had been spared destruction and that Deborah was still safe, she cried gratefully. Then when the story was concluded the worker-bee pondered deeply for a time before she spoke.

"Buzz, I ought to speak with Brownie at once. Can you bring her to me?"

Buzz said she would, but Alice had a bit of advice to give. "Better fly in a round-about way, as you may be followed by a spy if you go in a bee-line. Wouldn't an enemy rejoice to find Madam Zumm here alone some day?"

The bees admitted the wisdom of Alice's forethought, and Buzz followed the advice and flew around before alighting at the hive. Meantime, Alice waited for a time then flew up to the cherry tree to watch for Buzz.

While sitting on a leaf of the tree, Alice saw a new crew of fanners come forth from the hive and station themselves on the board to begin work. Then a corps of guards came out and took their posts on duty before the hive-entrance to challenge everyone going in or out. A short time after these were stationed, a crew of surveying-bees flew forth, led by an active alert-looking young bee named Pick.

Alice overheard Pick say to the captain of the guard: "Well, thank goodness, the traitors are out of the way. Everything promises to go on well for us, henceforth."

"We still have to secure a new queen, remember," returned the captain.

"Yes, but with Deborah saved, it is certain to be she—and could we want a better queen!" "Of course not, but time is precious right now," said the guard-bee.

"That reminds me! I must be off to seek a good place for the reception we plan to give Deborah. We have decided to take up an abode in a new hive, you know, instead of remaining in this home where things constantly remind one of the tragedy."

At this, the surveyor flew away, leaving the captain in doubt as to what the actual plan might be for the new queen.

Soon after this, Buzz came out followed by Brownie. The two saluted the guards and passed to the edge of the board. Here Buzz looked about before winging her way for Zumm's retreat.

"We must take a round-about route to prevent any discovery of Zumm, you know," whispered Buzz to the worker-bee.

As they flew away, Alice quietly flew through the leafy foliage of the tree and reached the rail-fence first. She reported that Brownie and Buzz would soon arrive, and Greeny, who had waited with the worker-bee, said: "I'll be going, now that your friends are expected. If I can be of any service, you know where to find me."

Zumm thanked the grasshopper and he hurried away. Soon after this, Buzz and Brownie flew down and Zumm requested the pollen-bearer and Alice to sit upon the posts and mount guard while they talked matters over.

Whatever it was that Zumm had to say to Brownie, it took a long time to tell, and when Brownie finally came forth from the burrow, it was late afternoon.

"It will soon be sundown and time for bees to go home, Buzz, but we ought to find some place for your little friend to sleep tonight before we think of seeking our own rest," said Zumm, standing in the doorway of her burrow.

"I hadn't thought of that!" exclaimed Alice.

"Would you like to go home for the night?" asked Buzz in a tone plainly saying she hoped Alice would remain with them.

"No, not yet. But I must stay somewhere, I suppose."

Suddenly, Madam Zumm had an idea. "Why couldn't Alice use the home Stripes had all Winter? He would be sure to have had a snug berth back of that bark, and now that he is dead the room will be untenanted."

"That's just the place!" said Alice, relieved.

"Buzz and I will escort you to the place so you wo'n't wander about in the night air. In the morning, Buzz can call for you bright and early," added Brownie.

This question satisfactorily disposed of, Alice followed after the two bees as they winged a way across the clover-field to the spot where all had met the day before. The little girl was left in the soft snug nest made by the locust, and soon she was fast asleep.





CHAPTER V

A B e e - W e d d i n g

After Buzz had called Alice in the morning, and waited for her to finish her toilette and breakfast, she said: "There's a rumour about that we will have a wedding today. The old queen has not been seen since the battle and I don't believe she will ever have freedom again. If Deborah marries soon, we will never see the old queen, as the royal attendants will rid the community of her in some mysterious manner."

"What makes you think there will be a wedding, Buzz?" asked Alice eagerly.

"Oh, there is so much subdued excitement going on inside the hive. And Brownie did not go forth to gather nectar today—she is everywhere about the hive, ordering everything."

"Maybe that is what Zumm and she talked over last night," ventured Alice.

"I'm sure of it, but when I asked Brownie, she said: 'Little bees must not ask such questions.'"

Buzz and Alice were soon at the hive where the guards had been told to pass the little girl whenever she applied for

admittance. Once inside, Buzz whispered: "Now you creep after me and I will show you what they are doing to the queen's suite."

On the way they met a wax-repairer known to Buzz. The little pollen-bearer took advantage of the chance meeting and said: "Ho, what are you doing with all the mending-wax?"

"Haven't you heard the news!" asked the mender.

Buzz pretended ignorance and innocence. "What news?"

"Why, every mender in the colony has been called out to repair the royal-cells as well as other damages to the comb. And now we have been ordered to renew our wax-plates as soon as possible to be ready to build new royal-cells for eggs very shortly.

"We are not sure whether this means that a new queen is to reign and the cells will be used for her eggs, or whether the old bees just want to be prepared," explained the mending-bee.

"That's no news!" scorned Buzz.

"Of course not," echoed Alice; "everyone knows the future of all things is uncertain."

The mender was now compelled to defend her intelligence so she shared a vital secret with the two. "Well, I was ordered to look over the royal suite and mend any bad spots. This done, the cleaning-bees will have to clean out the wax-chambers, I hear. Does that look as if the old queen is going to remain, or Deborah take possession of the rooms?"

"Humph! That is good news indeed!" said Alice, wisely.

At this moment Brownie was seen hurrying along the corridor. The wax-repairer quickly ran away to her work as she was supposed to be mending cells, not gossiping with Buzz and Alice. The worker-bee stopped beside the little companions and said: "Where were you going-here in the royal corridor?"

"Just looking for you, Miss Brownie," said Buzz, meekly.

Brownie looked at the subtle little bee doubtfully, but finally said: "Would you two like to accompany me to the royal cells?"

"Oh yes, indeed!" exclaimed Alice, and Buzz nodded eagerly that she would be delighted.

Brownie led the way through corridors where all signs of battle had been removed by the cleaning-bees. Particles of wax, dead bees, broken eggs—all had vanished as if by magic, and the menders were hard at work repairing the walls and broken-in partitions of the royal chambers.

The very last cell in the row which had escaped damage was still tenanted. Here Brownie stopped and rapped lightly on the wax screen with her antennae. The inmate of the cell had been humming to herself but at the knocking she suddenly ceased.

"Who's there!" came a frightened voice from within.

"The head worker of the hive, your royal highness. I have important news for you."

"I'm afraid to open the cell door. How do I know but you may be a friend of that dreadful queen's, who may be there waiting to pounce upon me," cried Deborah, tremblingly.

"We have her safely locked up and guarded in her chamber. I was the worker that stopped the battle yesterday. My name is Brownie. But we find it is of most urgent necessity that you consider taking the throne at once, and that is why I am here to consult with you if you have any wishes regarding the matter."

Buzz then heard a gentle gnawing at the wax partition and soon a minute opening appeared.

"If you fear me, we can talk through this opening," said Brownie, soothingly.

Deborah seemed to prefer that plan, so Brownie told in eloquent hums and buzzes the great need of the colony. She ended by begging the princess to choose a husband and take

the throne that very day, so they could retire the old queen and take advantage of the nectar crops before it was too late.

Deborah had long yearned to marry and rule the hive, but she was wilful and resented the interference of a worker-bee. She was delighted to hear that the old queen would be retired, and she trembled at the hopes of leaving her cloistered cell forever, but she was romantic, as are most silly young things, and she wanted to be wooed and won, in her own way and time, and not according to the hive's plan. So she voiced her objections.

"But, your royal highness, we cannot afford to lose such a fine day as this one for a bridal tour!" cried Brownie. "The family is in a dreadful state, and the old queen ca'n't work, as you well know. If you are too foolish or too indolent to rule and "take the head of the colony something else must be done at once."

Deborah was not a mild, good little princess, and she had a temper as quick and violent as the old queen's. Now she flew into a rage and said: "It is my affair when I marry, and whom I shall marry, too. It is no business of a common worker-bee's!"

"Very well, your royal highness! I will report to the others, and the mending bees will be instructed to wall up this cell again; we will immediately prepare some larvae from the worker's cell and place it in the royal cell to feed up into a princess. But I will have you understand, young lady, even though you may be a royal princess, that you have nothing to say about the management of this hive until you are really a queen. Now I am through coaxing you to marry, and you can live to be an old maid in this cell all your life—for all I care!" threatened Brownie.

Alice and Buzz were shocked at such rude language from the worker-bee for they thought it was necessary to be very polite and gracious to a princess.

Brownie now picked up the little glob of wax that had fallen upon the floor of the corridor when Deborah bored a hole in the partition. The wax was flattened out carefully and, before Deborah could object, Brownie replaced it on the front-door and melted it firmly into the other wax, the princess was locked in again.

The two little watchers gasped with surprise at such behaviour of their esteemed Brownie, but the latter smiled knowingly at them as she whispered: "You just wait and see how this works out! Deborah will want to win the throne and still try to have her own way about marrying. She'll think she is opposing me in this way, but it is just what I hope she *will* do."



And so it was with the princess. Locked in her cell, she quickly planned how to get out secretly and reach the alighting-board, where she had seen the drones the day before. To elope with one of them was now her ambition.

Brownie then advised her two little companions: "Buzz, you stand opposite the cell and watch the front while I am away. Alice can stand in this niche and see that no one comes this way to create any confusion or noise. I will hurry throughout the hive to tell the drones to dress and be ready when the bride comes forth to choose a husband."

"Do you think Deborah will really get married soon?" asked Alice, curiously.

"She just said she wouldn't marry till she was ready!" added Buzz wonderingly.

"Bosh! That is what she *said*, but not what she wants or thought of doing," laughed Brownie. "Had I coaxed her to marry at once she would have been stubborn, but seeing that I suggested that she forget all about the plan, she will immediately wish to carry it out. It is just like contrary human nature, you see."

"Can we little ones be present at the bridal feast?" now asked Alice eagerly.

"And listen to the bee-orchestra humming and making music!" added Buzz.

"A princess seldom lets us know when she starts on a honeymoon, you know. The only way we can suspect the plan is by watching how she behaves a few days before she weds. This Deborah has been singing and dancing about in her cell for several days now—before the queen broke down the other royal cells and frightened the poor thing to silence.



"Then, too, I hear she has been creeping out to the front board and flirting with the drones who were sunning themselves. All her actions go to show that she has been thinking of elopement with some romantic drone. But the battle this

morning compelled me to spur her on in her plan so that no valuable time will be lost."

Alice sympathized with the young and beautiful princess who was being made to do exactly as the staid old worker-bee wished, but was not conscious of carrying out the wishes of the whole hive.

"Remember, children! Don't let Deborah get out of this corridor until I signal you that all is prepared for her flight!" said Brownie; then ran away to attend to her important errands. The two little friends took their places to watch the royal cell.

After a time a scraping was heard on the wax-front of the cell. Alice and Buzz watched eagerly. It continued until a hole was broken open large enough for Deborah to look through. Her head soon appeared and Buzz managed to shrink up into the corner so she could not be seen when the princess looked up and down the corridor. It seemed deserted, but it was only so in appearance. There were nurses and guards at every niche and corner, waiting to spy upon the princess's actions, and protect her, if need be.

Finding all was safe and quiet, Deborah broke down the remaining screen of wax and slowly emerged from the large room. She shook herself free from the tiny pellets of wax that clung to her robe and, as she stood up in her young beauty, covered with her bridal veil, Buzz thought how regal she was! Her form was perfect, her eyes bright and beautiful, her lithe movements denoted strength and energy, and her body was covered with a soft fuzz, glossy and thick, while her wings shimmered like mist in the sunshine.

Deborah tip-toed down the corridor, never looking to left or right as an older bee would have done. Hence she did not see the curious eyes following her every movement until she reached the main corridor.

As she advanced stealthily, it seemed as if the work in the hive ceased by magic, and the workers suddenly disappeared. Deborah did not meet a single bee or hear a distracting sound as she went onward and finally reached the door of the hive. Brownie had carefully prepared for every emergency and kept everyone back so that the princess might fancy she was eloping unseen.

Just inside the hive-door she hesitated, wondering what would result of this runaway match she planned since Brownie spoke so threateningly to her. Here she stood, but had not even seen her groom. Suppose she flew away and failed to meet a drone—how humiliating that would be! Well, in that case, she would never come back home, and Brownie would never know the truth!

Buzz and Alice crept softly behind Deborah, keeping out of sight should the bride suddenly turn to go back. Brownie had signalled just before the princess stepped from her cell, so the pollen-bearer knew all was waiting for the bridal.

Just as Deborah tarried inside the doorway, Brownie came from behind a corner and silently touched antennae with Buzz. The two then stood waiting for what would happen next.

Finally Deborah summoned courage and ventured forth into the dazzling sunshine. Her eyes blinked for a moment, then she looked about curiously to see if she was watched.

No, every bee was too busy to notice anything that was passing on the alighting-board. The warders were occupied challenging some worker-bees, the fanners were fanning like mad, and the drones were lazily hovering over flowers or dozing in the warm sun. But Deborah did not know that every dressed-up drone in the garden was ready to fly the moment she started off.

“They don’t seem to know I am here,” thought Deborah, worrying lest she have no suitor. “Shall I go back now or risk the trip?”

As she stood uncertain what to do, she remembered the words of Brownie—the threat to transfer eggs to the royal cells to prepare princesses and wall up her own cell!

“I ca’n’t stand that insult! I’ll just go anyway, and defy that old worker-bee!” thought the princess to herself.

With that idea uppermost, she glanced about once more, and then spread her wings. She soared upward—up, up, up—and, as she rose, she gave the bridal call to the drones.

Instantly a big fine drone—the same that had pursued her before—who had been watching unseen from the top of the hive, gave chase. But other drones heard the call also, and saw the beautiful form of the princess as she flew away from the hive. They followed in her wake, until there seemed to be a stream of them soaring, ever higher, after the prize.

Alice and Buzz stood staring up into the dazzling blue overhead, but could not see the bride. All they could now distinguish was the grey streak of drones as they raced after the princess.

Then the bugler sounded the call for recreation, and the bees all poured from the hive, and came from every direction, as well. Buzz forgot the bride for a short time, while enjoying a romp in the garden.

But just before the bugler sounded to work again a weary drone fluttered back and, with a deep sigh, sat upon a flower.

“Ah! He lost the bride!” whispered Brownie to Buzz.

“Where’s the princess?” asked Alice.

“We’ll soon know, child. We must get to work now, as the royal chamber has to be prepared for the new queen. She has made her selection of a husband, and the honeymoon will soon be over. We must have the old queen out of the suite and

everything in readiness for the reception of the young queen," explained Brownie.



At Brownie's call the hive took on new activity and it seemed as if every bee was working for glory. Buzz was eager to tell Zumm about this exciting experience. So she called Alice and the two slipped away to join the old worker-bee on the rail-fence. Zumm had heard the unusual humming at the

hive and expected just such news as Buzz eagerly told her in detail.

"Thank goodness, my plans were carried out well!" sighed Zumm. "Now the colony will be saved."

"We ca'n't stay now, as we want to share in the feasting and dancing awaiting the home-coming of the happy couple," said Buzz, excusing herself to fly away.

Zumm smiled indulgently for she knew how disappointed the little ones would be to see no bridegroom return, but she said nothing to them about it.

On the alighting-board the guard-captain was ordering all bees away—some to the fields and some to work indoors. Buzz was told to go inside and help clean out the yellow pollen cells.

Followed by Alice, the little bee crept in and up through the comb until she reached a spot apart from the working-bees.

"When we came past the queen's suite, just now, I heard a strange sound—what was it?" asked Alice in a whisper.

"I don't know, but let us creep back and see if the bride returned while we were absent," replied Buzz, fearfully.

So the two crept noiselessly away to the entrance to the royal suite and here they saw a shocking sight. The worker-bees were surrounding the old queen with a show of affection. They hugged her relentlessly while she called out for them to go away. But they closed in while hugging the tighter until she could gasp no longer, but struggled frantically to be free from them. They still hugged her closer and closer for a time, and when they were sure that they had loved her to death, Brownie ordered: "Now do your duty as we are taught to do."

The bees then left the royal bee-body on the floor and began to tidy up the cells. Meanwhile, Brownie turned to hurry out to summon the sanitary-corps to remove the dead body. At the door she almost fell over Buzz and Alice peeping in at the sight.

"Here, here! What do you mean by spying like this? Fly away before you, too, are executed for your daring!" threatened Brownie, smiling to herself as she saw the frightened little ones run down the corridor.

The queen was secretly carried out and buried at some unknown spot (for the workers never divulge such secrets) and the house-cleaners were called and set to work scouring every bit of wax partition and freshening up the royal suite. After this, the entire comb was cleaned and corridors polished until they shone.

The warders brushed and furbished their clothes, the fanning bees fanned harder than ever to send in plenty of fresh air that the comb might be filled with it, and then they all awaited the new queen's home-coming.

The first signs of the return of the bride were the disappointed lovers flying back, one after another. Shortly after this came the young queen, solitary and saddened. Buzz and Alice stood in an obscure corner eagerly watching for the happy couple. They expected to see the gallant drone lead his beautiful bride past the admiring crowds on the alighting-board, and invite all in to the marriage feast. But this home-coming was far different from those of most newlyweds.

The erstwhile independent, haughty princess was now a humbled, sober queen, who crawled across the board to gain the door as quietly as possible, and avoid any comment or flattery from the bystanders. Her disappointment in marriage was most apparent to Alice, who wondered where the bridegroom could be.

As Brownie joined the amazed little pollen-bearer and Alice, she saw the questioning look in their round eyes.

"You see, the fleetest and strongest drone fought back the other drones as they all raced for the bride. He it was who finally wooed and captured her. She, delighted by his masterful

love, flew away with him from the other suitors, who had to return home alone.

“But what befell on the honeymoon, no one knows, as no one has ever been able to discover what the bride does with her husband once they have soared away on the honeymoon. But it is known that she returns alone and never looks at a male bee again as long as she lives. Many students of bee-life claim that she kills him immediately after their marriage, but he is never seen nor heard from again.

“The queen always returns alone, and is changed in many ways. She pays more attention to egg-laying than any other pursuit in life and never ventures from the hive again, except to swarm when conditions are overcrowded, or intolerant from some cause.”

“Oh, Brownie, did Deborah kill her handsome husband!” gasped Alice, in shocked unbelief.

“That’s what we all think and it’s lucky for us that she did. Why, child, just picture a hive of bees that needs about ten thousand eggs laid during the busy season, having a queen who is forever curling her front hair before a mirror, or powdering her nose, to appear bewitching to her husband. And he, a great big lazy drone, always getting in the workers’ way and throwing his cigarette butts about the wax corridors! Gracious me! Nature knows her business better than a queen does, and this is Nature’s method of running bee-life!” explained Brownie, in her own blunt manner.

The little friends considered Brownie quite heartless to talk so of a bride and groom. But Brownie was a hard-working bee and wasted no time on foolish romance. She had to see that the colony struggled for existence, and that always takes the glamour out of life.

Alice and Buzz were curious to see what Deborah would do without a husband to lean upon, so they hurried after the guards and maids of the royal suite, and found the queen

being led to her chamber. Here she was fawned upon, lauded and praised for her health and beauty, and fed the richest bee-foods kept in store for such occasions.

Deborah momentarily forgot her humiliation in coming home without a husband, and when the wise attendants had finished filling her with flattery and food, the head of the guard said: "Now you must begin at once to visit the empty egg-cells and lay an egg in each cell that our future colony will be increased. Your main pursuit in life, henceforth, must be to keep our family as large and prosperous as possible."

Brownie happened on the little eavesdroppers just then and soon had them frightened away from the door, so they did not hear what the queen replied. But, later, Buzz told Alice that the strong, healthy young queen multiplied the census of the hive so that all dread of extinction was passed. The worker-bees, and the young bees hatched every day, soon created such a prosperous condition that the hive was the envy of all the other bees in the row.





CHAPTER VI

Tales of Bee-History

Being sent out-of-doors by Brownie, Alice and Buzz flew away to join Zumm. Buzz did not feel like going to work, and Alice couldn't gather pollen if she wanted to as she had no way to carry it. Arrived at the rail-fence, Buzz coaxed her old friend to tell them a story.

"You oftentimes promised me that some day you would tell me the story of bees. Now that the afternoon is half-spent and I have no work to do, I wish you would please us both," said Buzz.

"Well, what shall I tell you first?" asked Zumm.

"How far back can bees trace their history?" asked Alice.

"Oh, so far back that no one really can say positively."

"Were bees alive at the time of Adam and Eve?" persisted Alice.

"You said something about bees being engaged with the moving of their honey-combs when Israel fled over the Red Sea!" added Buzz.

"I remember telling you, the day that Stripes bragged about his Egyptian descent, that we bees could antedate *his*

family, as we were well known in Egypt long before the Exodus," replied Zumm.

"Dear me! If that is so, the bees must have a wonderful family-history. How do you know you are right in your statement?" asked Alice.

"The Ancients said that bees existed long before mankind appeared on earth. In fact, we are credited with having taken part in mythology," replied Zumm, thoughtfully.

"I don't see how that can be proved," argued Buzz.

"We have to take much of the past on faith. The myths say that when Baby Jupiter was born his mother feared that Saturn would eat the child so she gave it to Melissa and her sister Almathea to hide away and watch over till he was grown.

"But the two sisters had no way to feed the baby-god, who cried so lustily that they feared he would attract Saturn's attention. So they beat on a metal pan with a spoon of metal, to amuse the babe. This peculiar sound drew a swarm of bees to the hiding-place, and there they settled down. Soon a comb of wax was constructed and the bees began filling the cells with honey. Each day a quantity of honey was removed from this store-house and fed the little god. Thus his life was saved.

"When Jupiter grew up he expressed his gratitude to the bees by giving them power for all time to create after their kind, without the waste and labour endured by all other earthly creatures. This blessing gives the bees more time and strength to work for the good of the world."

"How interesting this is!" exclaimed Alice. "Do tell me some more of these tales."

"I am not acquainted with other myths, but I can tell you that the first known King of Egypt, who lived long before the Pharaoh who planned and built the pyramids, used, as a kingly symbol, a bee-hive surrounded by worker-bees. And

this device was used on everything made at that time. Some of these relics can be seen today in the old museums of Egypt."

"Oh, Zumm, how I wish I could go there!" sighed Buzz.

"Egypt was said to be the greatest and most advanced country of the whole world at the time Joseph was carried a prisoner to the ruling Pharaoh. The people took pleasure in visiting and showing friends about the museums which were filled with antiquities and curiosities made and used by the *ancient* Egyptians of remote periods prior to the Egyptians of Joseph's day.

"And in these collections were tools and implements made of bronze and other metals. These had been cast in moulds made from wax models. First a model of the desired article was made of some material that would melt or perish with heat. Then this model was embedded in clay and when the clay hardened, the soft substance was melted or burnt out, leaving a clay mould exactly like the model. When the redhot metal was poured into this mould and left to grow cold, it assumed the shape and impressions of the substance that had left its mould in the clay.

"Many of these metal ornaments and tools faithfully reproduce thumb-marks and impressions that had been left in the original wood or wax model. There is no other ductile material other than wood or wax. Wood could carry no such impressions as I have just mentioned to you, so it must have been wax that was generally used. Naturally, you see, they must have had bees to make the wax. And bees must have been very common or the wax would not have been produced in such great quantities as to make models and then melt it away."

"Why, Zumm, that's so! I never thought of such things. Where did you ever learn it all?" said Buzz, deeply impressed.

“Oh, I heard it all from an old worker in much the same way that I am repeating it to you. When you grow old and weak you will doubtless tell it to many other young bees, and in this way the history is handed down from one generation to the next,” said Zumm.

“Then bees can trace their ancestry far back before the ancient Egyptians?” queried Alice.

“Yes, and farther still. Why, we can claim to have lived at the Stone Age, and that is the first known period of life, you know,” said Zumm. “If the earth and the earliest life thereon existed a hundred thousand years ago, there must have been vegetation growing to feed the living creatures. With vegetation comes buds and flowers, and these blooms must have had pollen and nectar in their hearts to perfect the seeds. Then there must have been a form of carrier to give the pollen of one flower to another, to fertilize the seed, that it can reproduce its kind. Everyone knows that a bee is the most important form of creature to do the work of this agency.

“We find that men of the Stone Age tamed wild animals such as goats and oxen, and gathered herbs and fruit for food. So there must have been bees to suck the nectar and carry pollen from one blossom to another, and if bees, then there were wax and wild honey. You can see how simple the logic is, Buzz.”

“It sounds simple, but it ca’n’t be proven that there were fruit and herbs in the Stone Age,” persisted the young bee.

“Don’t you suppose we know there were plums and peaches, pears and berries at that age? Of course we do, because they ripened and fell to the ground. As they rotted they became mixed with other natural ingredients. The seeds were preserved intact and can be found embedded in conjunction with the neolithic remains.

"These curios can be seen in museums where they were placed by antiquarians who excavated them. So, quite logically, I claim, that as bees are to be found in bits of these antiquities so there must have been honey and wax as well."



"I've been thinking over some of my histories and I'm sure you will be interested in hearing more of ancient days than of what happens in modern times," said Zumm, slowly. "But you must be educated in our habits and laws, and so I shall speak of a few of them now.

"As long ago as ten thousand years, Babylon was known to have bees and honey. And in still more ancient China, ages before the time of Abraham, bees were familiar workers for men. All these great nations have fallen to decay but the busy bee goes on just the same, year in and year out, work and play, without any change in its form or habits.

"There have been many scientists and writers who have tried to find out how it is that the bee, which really can be said to have come down from pre-historic ages, still holds its individuality now as then. Some say it is due to the rule of one queen in a hive where there are from ten thousand to fifty thousand inmates. There being no change of eggs or bees hatched from the eggs, while one queen lives in a hive, there is no difference of form or habits.

"Our laws are strict and pitiless, but all for the best of the community. The queen lays the eggs, averaging two every minute when necessary. Thus she can deposit from two to three thousand eggs a day. Most of these hatch out worker-

bees, but should it be found necessary to raise drones, she deposits the eggs for them too. The royal princesses are reared in case a queen is accidentally killed or leaves the hive with a swarm. Or, as in our case, when she grows too old to lay eggs, and the hive needs a young queen. You know how these royal bees are bred.



“Also you know the duties of the various groups of bees in a hive, so I will not take time to mention them, and as you served your full time in nursing the larvae with bee-jelly, and later in guarding other young nurses, we can forego those lessons.

“But I must impress upon your mind, children, that everything that detracts from the peace and health of the community is destroyed. Thus it was that the traitors had to die, and the old queen had to give place to a young and healthy one. I, too, would have been killed had I ventured home with broken wings. When cold weather comes, and there will be no need for drones that season, they, too, are killed to save the food and place for the bees who can survive and will be needed for the early spring work.

“I hope you will live to be one of the members of the hive to go into winter quarters with the queen; and, because I am looking forward to that time, I am educating you for the post of telling the young bees in spring our family history.

“To keep safe and well, there are certain precautions for a bee to observe. As you grow older you will take more and more pride in harvesting nectar for the hive, but beware of being too ambitious in this work. It is wiser to carry often and not overload, rather than try to crowd too much in the sac at one trip. That is a fatal mistake so many of us make!

“Then you will travel farther and farther from the hive and find still more wonderful sweets than ever before, so that you will go often to that far-off field for nectar and some late afternoon you might be caught out after sundown. Or a shower may come up suddenly and catch you far from home.

“If you cannot reach home before dark and you know the dew will fall before you can find shelter, place yourself flat on the ground upon your back—or on the bough of a tree—to keep your wings dry. If you watch carefully all night, you can get up with the dawn and with perfectly dry wings, go on home. But beware of flesh-eating creatures that steal out in the dark to gobble up just such dazed insects as a stray bee!”

As Zumm spoke warningly, Buzz shivered, for it was no pleasant mental picture—seeing a frog or night-bird swallowing her in a single gulp!

“I’ve been thinking about Egypt and I feel rather curious to hear about the Exodus of Israel. Will you tell me about that?” asked Alice.

“If you have read your Bible, child, you will remember that bees are only mentioned four times throughout the book, but that is explained by the fact that we were an everyday necessity in those days. The manner in which reference is made shows that we were a familiar commodity. In Deuteronomy 1:44, in Judges 14:8, in Psalms 118:12, and in Isaiah 7:18 are the mentions made.*

Deuteronomy 1:44 “Then the Amorites who lived in that hill country came out against you and chased you as bees do and beat you down in Seir as far as Hormah.”

"In those days, honey was used as a sweetener, for sugar was not yet discovered and there was no other form of sweetening. Today the people use sugar made from the sugar-cane and from sugar-beets, as well as saccharine, a chemically prepared sweet. Up to the sixteenth century, however, folks kept bees for their honey, and in old cook-books, preserved since that time, you can read how such and such a thing was flavoured and sweetened with honey.

"At the sumptuous feasts given by Pharaoh, honey was a favourite dish and honey-cakes were provided as a dainty. Sugar-cane grew then as now but it was not known to contain sweets till the first century when it was called by the name of 'honey-bearing tube'. But its cultivation was not understood until the seventeenth century. Then it began to oust honey from popular favour as a sweetener, and about a century ago it became universally used as sugar. Today, bee-honey has to take second place to the sugar-cane.

"Most of the honey used by the wasteful households of the Pharaohs was collected by the little Hebrew slaves. They had to hunt up and harvest the honey from wild bee's nests hidden in trees or in crevices of rocks. And the combs had to be carefully removed so that the honey did not run out. How those children must have been stung by maddened workers who fought to keep their food!

"Do tell me about the Hebrews, Zumm!" begged Alice.

"I ca'n't vouch for its truth, Buzz, as I heard it from an old worker-bee who had relatives living in England. They went to the British Museum one day and saw a gigantic statue of the

Judges 14:8 "After some days he returned to take her. And he turned aside to see the carcass of the lion, and behold, there was a swarm of bees in the body of the lion, and honey."

Psalms 118:12 "They surrounded me like bees; they went out like a fire among thorns; in the name of the Lord I cut them off!"

Isaiah 7:18 "In that day the Lord will whistle for the fly that is at the end of the streams of Egypt, and for the bee that is in the land of Assyria."

Pharaoh of the Oppression—as he was called when Israel was in bondage. Next to him stood a statue of the Pharaoh of the Exodus. It was these statues that caused the bees to ask about the story that I am going to relate to you.

“When Hebrew children hunted for and gathered honey for Pharaoh’s Court, they had ample opportunity to study the life of a bee. In this way they became expert in tending and hiving bees, so that after a time they raised their own honey by keeping the bees.

“When Moses secured permission for Israel to leave Egypt, they had great herds of cattle, hives of bees, and possessions of all kinds that had to be assembled and made ready to move.

“Bees hate to be moved, as you know, and when the straw hives holding Israel’s bees were carried away on the mules and oxen, or on the carts with other goods, the shaking and confusion and, above all, the strange land with no familiar flowers, troubled the poor bees so much that they buzzed from the hives and would not go in again. But they travelled along with the people and flew about the old hives as if they wished they could settle down again in peace.

“Moses heard that Pharaoh soon regretted having sent Israel away and was planning to capture and bring them back again. But the vast multitude of people moved slowly, and Pharaoh’s army could travel fast, so when the Hebrews reached the Red Sea, they found a dangerous pass. The Sea in front, impassable, jagged cliffs on each side, and the army of Pharaoh behind, coming on to take them captives!

“But Moses was filled with faith and after he had prayed for deliverance for his people he smote the waters with his staff and lo! the sea divided before their eyes.”

“Oh, Zumm, how wonderful! I wish I had been there!” sighed the little ones.

"Maybe you wouldn't, if you knew what the poor bees had to endure!" said Zumm, shaking her head at the thought of such trials. "Well, Israel began its march through the sea on perfectly dry land, with the waves piled up on either side like walls of angry green water surging and curling to fall over and engulf them. But the waves were held back just so far, giving the Tribes plenty of room to pass through.

"While the Hebrews had tarried on the shore before entering the sea, many bees sought and found flowers from which they drank deep of intoxicating nectar. Then when they were told to proceed, many of them decided to remain with the lotus flowers. Still, some of them sacrificed plenty and pleasure, and flew along with the wanderers. These kept close to the hives in passing the fearful banks of water, and came out on the opposite shore where Israel completed its journey.

"But the bees remaining on the lotus-covered bank began hearing shouts and fearful sounds, and wondered what caused the hue and cry from the rear! Then a drove of grasshoppers hurried up from the fields whence they had been driven and explained what it was.

"Pharaoh's army is coming! They want to capture Israel, and the horses and chariots came right over the fields and killed many of our family. We all had to jump and hurry away without saving anything but our lives!"

"Will they pass by here?" asked a frightened bee.

"Of course! They are coming directly after the Hebrews."

"What shall we do to be saved from being crushed under the feet and wheels of these Egyptians?" wailed the bees.

"Do you know the path Israel took to cross here?" asked the leader of the grasshoppers.

"Yes, many of our friends went with them."

“Well, we’ll carry you through if you will guide us. Then we can quickly reach the other side and join your friends,” proposed the leader.

“So the lazy bees, who had loved plenty and pleasure in danger, rather than choose want and safety with Israel, crawled upon the backs of the grasshoppers and were soon following in the rear of the Hebrew nations.

“But the fat and lazy bees were not to be spared punishment for deserting their friends. The easy life among the lotus flowers had ruined their usual strength and power, and, as the wiry grasshoppers leaped and leaped to catch up with the vanguard of Israel, the bees were shaken off because they could not summon strength with which to hold on.

“Thus, one after another was left in the pathway while the leader of the grasshopper band led his army along till they came out on the other side. But a few bees remained on the backs of the generous insects, and were welcomed by those on shore.

“When Moses saw the Egyptians enter the same way the Hebrews had taken through the sea, he waved his staff over the waters and the waves came together again, swallowing all of Pharaoh’s army and the lazy bees as well.”

“Oh, wasn’t that awful!” cried Alice.

“Awful! Why it was the righteous punishment of evil when it tried to follow and steal away the good from the faithful Hebrews! It is the same today as of yore, and anyone who is too lazy to work for salvation must go down in the waters of the Red Sea just as the pleasure-seeking bees did.”

“But it seems terrible to die like that—no time to say a prayer,” answered Alice, wistfully, for those dead and gone bees.

“They had ample time in which to work and pray but they chose earthly pleasures instead. Today it is the same thing. If trouble comes suddenly, we cry out: ‘Oh, how terrible!’ But

that is because we wasted our opportunities to live and do right!"

"But the grasshoppers were saved, weren't they?" said Buzz, anxious to change the conversation.

"No, and that has always seemed rather unkind of those bees—but we always believe in the survival of the fittest, you see. When the grasshoppers joined the great company of Israel they found there was no room for anything that was useless or of no good. So they were left in the desert when the bees were gathered into the hives to travel onward to the promised land. It has been the cause of bad feeling between the bee and locust till this day—for a grasshopper belongs to the locust family, you know. But Greeny and I seem to have cemented the future friendship of the two families."

"I hope so, for Greeny is a kind-hearted fellow, and I think Miss Wasp is just splendid!" said Buzz.

The bugler called just then, so the young worker-bee and Alice hurriedly said good-bye to Zumm and flew away.

The blowing of the horn from the back-porch of a house not far away roused a little girl who had been fast asleep under the shading tree. A rose lay on the moss beside her, and her back was comfortably propped up against the trunk of the old tree.

Alice opened her eyes and yawned sleepily but the horn kept on sounding its call for her to come home. The little girl then looked about her in surprise. Where was Buzz and Zumm? Where were her wings? And goodness me! She was the same little girl that she was before she drank that nectar from the wild rose chalice!

As the disappointed child realized that she had been dreaming of her experience with the bees, she felt more like crying than being happy over her safe return to home and Mother. But a noisy buzzing and humming from two bees on

the goldenrod bloom attracted Alice's attention and she saw the very same bees that were there before she fell asleep.

"Why, that dear little one is Buzz, as sure as anything, and the larger bee is Zumm, the worker-bee! I wonder how long I have been dreaming?"

Alice then stood up to shake the creases from her lawn dress, and, as she did so, a long-legged grasshopper jumped from her skirt. She laughed delightedly as she recognized the green body and colouring of good-natured Greeny.

"Oh, maybe I wasn't asleep at all—maybe it was really true, and the reason I came to myself again is because the power of the rose-nectar was used up. Tomorrow afternoon I will come back and try it again. Maybe I can find Buzz and have another good time with the bees!"

The horn was now silenced and the little girl knew she must run home to see what Mother wanted of her.

"Oh, you dear little Buzz! I wish I could leave a note for you in some way. If only you could understand my words I'd like to tell you that I'll come back tomorrow."

While speaking, Alice stooped to pick up the wild rose and out flew Bombus. He buzzed noisily about for a moment then sat on the edge of the shade-hat right in front of her eyes. He sat there and stared at the little girl as if to ask a mute question.

"Say, Bombus, can you understand what I say?" asked Alice, excitedly.

The bumblebee hummed loudly and flew about in a few short circles, just as a pet dog whirls about when he understands the question you ask him. Then Bombus settled down on the sleeve of the hand that held the rose.

"I just know you can understand, Bombus! And I don't really believe that was a dream either! It is all too true. Now I want you to explain to Buzz that I want her to meet me here again tomorrow afternoon. Will you?"

As Alice anxiously asked the question, Bombus gave her one steady glance and then left the friendly arm. The bee flew over to the crown of goldenrod and hummed and buzzed noisily quite close to Buzz and Zumm, so that the little girl ran away laughing joyously, because she knew Bombus was repeating her words to Buzz.

But Alice forgot to notice that Zumm had two perfectly good wings, and that no battle between a locust and the bee had left the worker-bee crippled for life. In fact, had the little girl but waited a moment longer, she would have seen Zumm, followed by Buzz, fly away.

"Oh, Mother dear! I've had the loveliest time you ever heard of!" cried Alice, rushing upon the porch.

"What did you do, dearie?" asked the lady who was watching her little girl dance up to greet her.

Alice then told of her wonderful experience, and the hope that it was really true and not a dream. "If it is true, I can sip nectar any time, you see, and visit the bees at Buzz's hive."

"But the dream was *not* real, darling, much as I dislike to disappoint you. Don't you remember reading the history of the honey-bee a few days ago? You learned all about the life of the bee then, and Saturday afternoon, when I took you to the motion-picture play that showed the life of the bee in the hive, you saw all the wonderful and interesting things in bee-dom. This was all woven together in a delightful dream."

Alice did feel very sorry to think it all might have been a dream, but she was not convinced entirely, so she determined to go back to the clover-field again and try that drink of nectar once more.





CHAPTER VII

The Success of the Little Pollen-Bearer

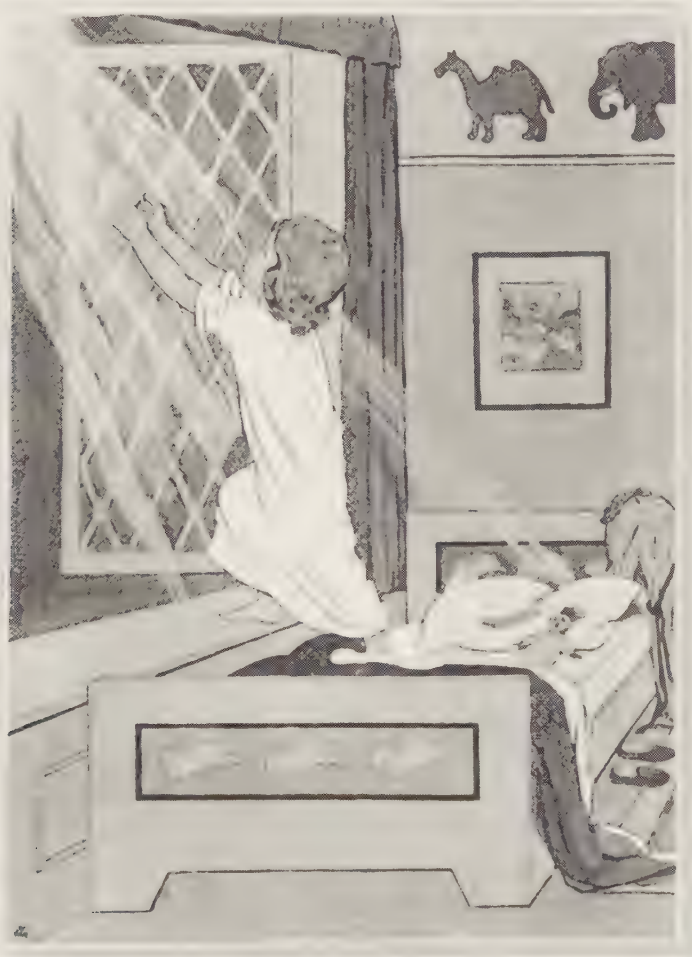
Alice was so curious to learn more about the honey-bee that she went to the bookcase and took down a volume called *The Life of the Bee* by Maurice Maeterlinck.

This she carried to the porch and pored over the pages until she had learned much more of the history of the bee than she ever knew before.

She found that a bee will never remain outdoors after sundown if possible to reach the hive in time, as the evening dew on the gauzy wings makes it impossible for the wings to be used to fly with. She also read of many other very interesting facts, and these bits of information filled Alice's brain with thought all that evening.

When Mother tucked her in bed that night, she said laughingly: "Don't fly away tonight, dearie, and join the bees again. What would Daddy and I do if we came in here in the morning and found the room vacant?"

Alice chuckled as she pictured herself flying away through the window to join her old friends, the honey-bees. But Mother had not been gone from the room very long, before a long stray moon-beam stole in and very slowly moved from the foot of the bed, upwards across the light coverlet, until it touched Alice's eyelids.



Now some folks say that the moon shining upon one's face will cause dreams. I do not know whether this be true, or not, but certain it is, that soon after the moon-beam began

streaming upon the little girl's face, she found herself climbing slowly out of bed and clinging fast to the moon-beam, urging it to move away as fast as it could.

Consequently, the ray of moon-shine, with Alice's sitting astride it, glanced out of the room and flew away to the clover-field. But it was almost morning before it arrived at the place where the goldenrod was nodding in the breeze. Then the moon-beam hastily said good-bye to its rider and disappeared.

Soon after this, the little girl heard voices and upon turning around, found Buzz with two strange bees coming towards her. Buzz was speaking in an anxious hum: "What happened to her!"

"She had such a great load of nectar that she could not manage it and had to fly slowly. Being so far from home when the sun went down, she ordered us to leave her where she was and hurry home," replied the bee that Alice now recognized to be the head of the new surveying-crew.



The bees had not yet seen Alice, so she waited eagerly to hear them welcome her in surprised tones. But she found Buzz and her two companions, Pick the surveyor, and Fuzz, the guard-captain, had greatly changed since last she saw them.

Buzz was a full-grown bee now, and seemed to be in authority over the others. Alice was delighted to find what a splendid worker-bee the little pollen-bearer had become; still she could not understand how Buzz could have changed so in a few hours!

“Show me where you left Brownie and I will help her home or see that she is cared for where she is. You seem to forget all she did for us when our home was threatened with destruction,” said Buzz reprovingly.

“But she ordered us to leave her and return home,” insisted Fuzz, the captain.

“Where did you leave her!”

“In a field of late buckwheat about a mile from here,” returned Pick, the surveyor.

“We’ll fly there at once and see if we can save her. It doesn’t matter whether tile dew is still on the ground or not—it is not falling now so it cannot injure our wings,” said Buzz.

At this moment, Alice called to her friend but she had forgotten that she could not fly without wings. Buzz heard the call and flew over to the tree where she waited with a smile on her face.

“Buzzie, dear little bee, how are you? You seem to have grown so since yesterday,” remarked Alice, eagerly.

“Why, bless my stinger! If it isn’t our old friend Alice. Tell me, dearie, where have you been all these days? Bombus gave me your message and I kept the tryst that afternoon, and, in fact, every afternoon for a long time thereafter, but you never came nor sent word again. Now that you are here, I must say that you are looking the same as ever,” said Buzz, delightedly.

Alice looked puzzled over Buzz’s words. “Why, I came here just now on a moon-beam, but I had no intention of meeting you until this afternoon as I said I would.”

It was the bee's turn to feel puzzled now. "Did you send word that you would be here?"

"Yes, didn't you just say that *Bombus* told you,"

"Why, my dear Alice! That was several weeks ago. Since that time when you left me, I have been promoted to nectar-sipping and I find it such a sweet work that I not only carry in more nectar than any other bee, but I keep Zumm's cells filled as well."

"Dear me! Have I lost all these pleasant days away from you when I might have been flying about having such a good time?" sighed Alice, regretfully.

"It is too bad! Miss Wasp often meets me at Zumm's burrow and asks if I have had news from you. And Greeny and *Bombus* always mention you when we meet. All three call upon Zumm regularly and the four have become old friends now," explained Buzz.

"Miss Buzz, we had better be going or something might happen to Brownie," now murmured Pick.

Thus reminded, Buzz said: "Come with us. We are off to find Brownie who fell by the way last evening. We can talk while on our flight."

Then Alice told Buzz that she had no wings for she had not needed them while riding the moon-beam. She hastily explained her predicament and Buzz said: "Oh, that will soon be remedied. Follow me and I will show you a wild rose. Pick, you are the surveyor—find us a rose."

So Alice was soon supplied with wings again and her form dwindled as before, until she was the same size as Buzz. Then the four companions winged a way across the clover-field to find the buckwheat-field where Brownie had collapsed.

The grey of dawn was creeping over the hilltop when they reached the strange field of buckwheat. Everything seemed

shadowy and indistinct in the uncertain light, and Fuzz complained: "We'll never find her without a light."

"What are those bobbing lights across the field there!" exclaimed Alice, pointing to a spot where they saw flickering lights.

"Some fire-flies with their lanterns," replied Buzz.

"Shall I go and ask them to help us in the search?" asked Fuzz.

"That's a good idea—I wish you would," replied Buzz.

"And tell them to hurry, too," added Pick. While the three waited for the fire-flies' lanterns to show them the way over the field, Alice heard Buzz tell of all that had happened to the colony since she left them. Of the many thousands of young bees hatched out and the splendid condition of the winter store-rooms. But there was one thing that seemed to keep their strong, handsome Queen troubled. That was, the remembrance of the horror she had lived through that day when the old Queen sought the life of all the princesses.

"Why don't you wall up those corridors!" asked Alice.

"Because we haven't room enough as it is our family has increased so. We are really thinking of moving to a larger and more modern hive," replied Buzz.

The arrival of Fuzz with the fire-flies interrupted any further conversation. The torchbearers heard the story of the brave worker-bee and gladly offered to light the way while the bees hunted up their lost friend.

After a long search, they found the poor bee. But so far gone was she from the night-chill and dew that she could hardly whisper her messages to Buzz.

"Remember my words! Our hive is overcrowded and we are nearing the end of July. The great nectar crop of buckwheat honey is now at flood-tide but will soon be over. Then there will be no new floods until the late goldenrod comes. But this nectar is not as good as that gathered in the Summer.



“You must found a new colony before this crop of buckwheat nectar is gone! This is the plan I have made while lying here all night.

“Send Pick forth to find a new hive—a fine modern one that will appeal to Deborah. As soon as it is found, have Buzz and a few wise bees inspect it, then return and report to the others. If all is satisfactory, describe the home in glowing colours to the Queen that she will have no lingering regrets about leaving the old comb. Her contentment has much to do with her ability to lay more eggs in the new home.

“Once she is willing to move to the Eden-spot you have described to her, let Deborah rest from egg-laying in the old comb for a few days that she may be quite fresh and ready to lay anew in the new home.

“While the young queen is recuperating her energy and powers, select the most promising young princess for the new queen. Marry her off at once, and have her ready to take possession of the old hive the moment Deborah and her followers swarm away to the new home.

“Buzz knows just what to do in case of a swarm moving to new quarters, so I need not repeat those instructions. But do as I bid you as soon as you go home. I am dying and my work is over, but I will die easier if I know you will all be provided for in a new hive this winter.”

As Brownie concluded, the bees felt a choking sensation in their throats, for it was so unselfish of the old worker-bee to think of the colony before she thought of her own needs.

Buzz was about to make some reply when a queer sound made her cry: "Hold the torch, Firefly! Something has happened!"

By the light of the firefly, Buzz found Brownie stiffened out. She had expired with her last words.

The bees stood close about wondering what they could do with the body of their old friend, as they did not wish to leave it thus, where any toad or bee-eating creature could find her.

"I'll tell you what to do," suggested Alice, suddenly.

The bees and fire-flies looked at her eagerly. "I will dig a hole right under this squash-vine and you can bury her here. I will also raise a memorial to her, so you can find the spot should you pass this way."

The bees thought the plan very good, so Alice dug a grave while Buzz tenderly smoothed out Brownie's rumpled wings. The bees then dragged the body into the grave while the fireflies held the light as befitted such a solemn occasion.

The funeral was soon over, and the bees thanked the good fire-flies for the aid they had given them. Then the two groups separated: the fire-flies to hurry back to the swamp before the sun found them out working, and the bees, with Alice, to fly away home.

Pick and Fuzz continued on to the hive when the returning party of bees reached the cherry tree, but Buzz led Alice to the burrow where she wished to tell Zumm of Brownie's message and death.

The crippled old worker-bee was so delighted to see the little girl again, that Buzz hadn't the heart to impart sad news. So she described the plan to quickly swarm away to a new home, and this so pleased Zumm that she failed to see the expression on Buzz's face.

She turned to Alice to tell her about Greeny, Bombus, and Miss Wasp, and how glad they would be to see the little girl again. Then she turned back to Buzz with a last word of advice for the new venture.

"It is time to take your rightful place as leader of the working-bees, who are about to found the new home. Tell Deborah of this plan and do not hesitate to picture the new hive in alluring colours. She will respond better to an enticing description than to the mere suggestion of duty. But have her understand from the first, that you are heading this expedition and are determined to marshall all bees and movements henceforth! You are capable of the office, for I have trained you for just this place."

Buzz made no reply but she knew she could manage the colony quite easily. Then Zumm continued in a low voice: "I shall feel lonely here after you are gone, for you will have too much to look after to stop in at my burrow for a chat mornings and nights!"

"Nothing of the sort! I will visit here as usual, extra work or not," retorted Buzz, emphatically.

"You are as dear to me, Buzz, as if you were my own child, instead of a foster-child. But now I must beseech you not to risk the crowning act of our bee-family by using the time, that will be better used to establish the new family, to visit an old woman."

"Zumm, if I am capable of organizing and conducting the new colony, I am able to plan my time as I see best. Now I must go, but I still have a sad message to deliver from Brownie—your old companion."

"Don't tell it, Buzz! I see by your eyes that something has happened to Brownie, and I felt this coming, too! Wait till after the swarm and when you tell me how that turns out, you can deliver the message from Brownie."

Buzz saw that Zumm suspected the truth about her friend, so she rose to say good-bye for the time being. Zumm raised her foreleg and blessed her little friend in the new enterprise she was about to undertake, and then Buzz hurried away.

The two young friends reached the hive and found many workers waiting to hear the news. Buzz asked them to be patient until the queen had decided a vital matter, then she hurried to the royal suite.

She sent away the royal guards and workers so that she could speak of the important state affairs in private. Deborah was surprised to hear the young worker-bee order her escort about as she did, but the new leader soon explained why it was done.

Deborah was overjoyed at the plan, as she had never been contented in the hive where so many things reminded her of that awful day when the royal princesses were all murdered;

“Oh, Buzz, when can we leave!” cried the queen.

“It might be arranged for this noon, your highness. This is a fine day, and there is not much to prepare, you know. Pick can send some of his men to take possession of the new hive, and the workers are still waiting to hear what the order for the day will be.”

“Then let us decide to swarm this noon, Buzz. And I now commission you to take sole charge of the new colony of workers,” replied Deborah. “We will leave Brownie and all her old friends behind, and soar away with our young companions,” sighed the queen in great contentment.

Buzz did not think it wise to mention the death of the old leader just then, but she excused herself by saying she had much to do before noon, if a young princess was to be chosen to wed and assume the crown of the old hive.

Deborah promised to rest and remain in her chamber till called for to leave the old comb forever! She knew it was imperative for a queen, who contemplated swarming to a new

hive, to reserve all her energy and egg-laying functions that the new comb might be speedily replenished when it was ready to receive eggs for the new colony.

The moment the news was imparted to the multitude of bees congregated outside the hive, there was great excitement. A royal princess was brought out and induced to elope with a drone. After she had gone on her honeymoon, the workers arranged to follow Deborah as she came forth. Many of the bees really desired to remain in the old hive, but they were filled with curiosity to see the wonderful sight, so they decided to tag along at the end of the swarm.

Deborah heard the cheers given the new bride and she was now in a fever of impatience to fly away before the new queen returned. But the wary workers would not risk leaving their hive without a queen, in case the bride was killed before her wedding trip was over. So they surrounded Deborah, and waited till news came that the new queen had arrived safely on the alighting-board, and would be immediately escorted to her royal chamber.

Then the good management of Buzz was enjoyed by the bees. Alice was escorted to Madam Zumm's house to await news. The elder queen was led out to the alighting-board and, surrounded by scores of devoted subjects, she soared up into the bright sky. A dark stream of bees poured from the archway of the hive, and those from the flowers and grass about the hive formed into line. The whole colony, excepting the few who had to guard the new queen, volleyed upward after their old queen. In the deep dome overhead it looked more like a gossamer cloud floating in the sky than like thousands of bees collecting about their queen.

Then a strange, entrancing sound, as if metal was clanging against metal, sounded from under the cherry tree by the old rail-fence. It was the friendly old bee-keeper beating a brass

pan to keep his swarm from wandering away to be lost to him.

The tom-tomming floated up with the breezes and was heard by the queen who thought it must be distant thunder. In response to her fears of being lost in a storm, or perhaps in reply to the ancient call of ancestors, the weird music caused her to turn and vault downward again, seeking the place where she knew home to be.

The topmost branch of the cherry tree offered the first resting place, so Deborah settled lightly upon a leaf, but Buzz and her friends quickly surrounded her to keep her from rushing back to their deserted hive.

In a few seconds, the knot of faithful workers increased to dozens; and dozens soon multiplied to hundreds. When hundreds had doubled and redoubled to thousands, all clinging to each other as if for dear life, the old bee-keeper smiled and hurried away. But many of the last bees who could not find a place to cling, or those who were but partly interested in the swarm, now flew back to the old hive and resumed their work as if nothing had happened to interrupt the routine of housekeeping.

So eager and excited were all the bees in the swarm, that no thought was given to the fact that the fine new hive chosen for the colony, had been moved from its old position to stand directly under the cherry tree. When the beekeeper gently began the removal of the swarm to the hive, the queen took possession as if she had always lived there.

Deborah's followers were soon installed in their new quarters, and then the humming and buzzing, as the house was put in order, was deafening to an outsider. While this was being done inside the hive, the bee-keeper was slowly and carefully moving the box to its former position in the lovely bower of flowers and shelter.

But the queen and her friends were so engrossed with their joy at the success of their adventure, that not one of them felt the slight motion made by transporting the hive back to its rightful place.

The moment Buzz found matters quieting down, she stole out to the new alighting-board and prepared to visit Zumm that the old worker-bee could rejoice with the young house-keepers.

At the burrow Buzz found great confusion. Alice was crying softly to herself; Miss Wasp sat sadly before the entrance to the burrow; Bombus buzzed noisily from the fence-post; and Greeny made low choky sounds while squatting in the grass that grew under the fence.

"What has happened during my absence?" cried Buzz.

"Oh, Buzz dear! Be brave! Just after you left us—" began Alice, drying her eyes on her sleeve.

"I know! You need say no more. Where is she?" choked Buzz.

"Our dear old friend lies in state in her home. Just as the bugler sounded his call this noon, we all sat here watching eagerly as the swarm rose up in the sky, that we failed to notice Zumm. A queer sound made us turn and we found her stretched out on the rail. We could do nothing but take her last words to you: 'Tell Buzz I mounted up with them in this glorious swarm, and I have gone where crippled bees and broken wings are unknown. My last days have been made so happy by my friends that I never knew the need of wings since the day I was injured.'"

As Alice finished speaking, Miss Wasp led Buzz to the burrow. The friends had carried Zumm into her home and then brought loads of white pollen to cover the body completely. It now looked like a drift of snowy blossom-down.

After they set about discussing what had best be done with the remains, Alice said: "Why not leave her in her old home?"

“That’s best. We can collect mending-material and cement the opening that no stray insect can drag the body forth,” added Bombus.

So Alice remained on guard while the bees and insects brought the necessary material to securely close the burrow opening. This done, no one would have known that a carpenter-bee had burrowed into that rail, nor would anyone have dreamed that a worker-bee’s body lay buried in pure blossom-down inside that old wood.

The old friends then said good-bye and parted, each to go a different way. But Alice flew with Buzz to the new hive and soon felt like a member of the family.





CHAPTER VIII

Through the Winter

When Buzz and Alice first returned from Zumm's funeral, they found no comb in the new hive, so every bee went to work to construct the six-sided cells. The necessary material known as bees-wax, is secreted in a bee's body so that a bee can work all night in the hive, after the darkness ends the honey-gathering out-of-doors. That first night in the hive, every bee that could produce wax, went to work with a vim. Alice sat in one corner where the royal attendants were guarding their precious queen, and eagerly watched the process of building a wax-comb.

Now she saw the scientific result of having the bees swarm so closely in the cluster when they settled about the queen before being hived. The tight packing of their warm bodies about the queen, and the close chain thus made, created heat in their bodies. This heat produced the wax, just as perspiration oozes from one's pores when one is heated. As the bee grows warm, the wax oozes from the wax-pockets under the plates of the body; thus each bee can provide

material with which to build the new comb when needed in the hive.

Even as the bees trooped after their queen into the new quarters, the little wax-plates could be seen protruding from the armour-joints, so that plenty of wax was on hand the moment work began on the comb.

The first cells built that afternoon were clumsy and hurried efforts, as they would be but temporary vats built to hold the nectar and pollen brought in by the foraging bees. But even while some of the bees built the temporary bins, others were already working on the permanent comb.

Each bee had six oblong scales of wax partly protruding from under the hard plates of armour covering her body. She gripped a scale with a little nipper-like tool on her hind-leg, and drew the wax from its pocket. Then holding it securely with her jaw, she ran off to the cell she was working on. After chewing up the wax into a paste, and moulding it into its required size and form, it was plastered into the space left for it to fit into.

But there was no food in the larder for the new colony, and after Buzz had returned from Zumm's funeral, she immediately sent out a number of experienced workers under Pick, the surveyor, to forage for supper that night and breakfast next morning.

As the bees flew forth, they turned their heads facing the new home, to fix its location in their memories. Then they flew away.

Buzz mustered the others into groups with individual duties to attend to, so that soon, each group in the hive was working swiftly without interference from any other group.

From that day on, the hours were filled with work and happiness. Alice found herself helping with the indoor's work as eagerly as if she were a little bee. And whenever Buzz

came in with a load of nectar, the little girl ran out to exchange a word with her.

The colony would need quantities of eggs before the summer was over and the queen was intelligent enough to save all her strength for that need.

Nursery quarters also had to be built as the new colony expected to cradle a multitude in order to increase the census of the hive. Honey had to be gathered and stored in pantry cells for the entire winter's supply, and daily food for the community had to be provided for everyone.



Buzz was a born organizer and leader, and so firmly but gently did she control the bees, that all went smoothly. Strict economy was observed by everyone as word had gone forth that every bit of food and material was to be carefully conserved.

The honey-bee is a natural student of economy, as the very form the combs assumed, showed the greatest possible amount of room and convenience, with least waste of material and space. Also the least quantity of material was consumed in the construction of the six-sided cells, as the walls and top of one cell composed the bottom and walls of others.

Buzz had the bees begin their comb by attaching a small foundation of wax to the roof of the hive, and on either side of this they made depressions, which were the bases of the first cells. The work then depended downwards and sideways

very rapidly, while work continued at the same time on the interior cells.

When sufficient cells were ready for use, Deborah began her duty of laying eggs in the sweet new wax cradles. Thus work in the colony continued and before October arrived the swarming venture proved a wonderful success. Then as the chilly winds of autumn were felt, the thrifty family in Deborah's hive were ready for the long winter's siege that plays such havoc on ill-prepared colonies.

The quantities of fine eggs laid by Deborah had hatched into lusty young bees. The workers of the hive were experienced, energetic bees, born in the early part of the summer, and were not yet past their prime. The combs were full of excellent honey and everything promised a comfortable and restful winter for the bees.

When the first snow drifted lightly down upon the top-most branches of the cherry tree, and covered with a white pall the tomb of Zumm, hidden in the burrow of the rail-fence, it found Buzz and her colony well protected. The honey-bees had gathered closely around their princess queen in the center of the comb, with their food-stores above them.

As no work would be done by the bees during the winter months, the honey stored in the pantry cells would be their only food; but very little suffices to keep up the normal state of health in a bee.

Economy becomes a fine art. There is just so much honey stored away and so many bees to feed. Each bee has a portion doled out by the bees nearest the honey-cells. It is passed along through the crowd till every bee has the barest possible ration of food. When the nearest cells are emptied the entire mass of bees moves upward to the next round of filled cells. And this slow feeding from the base upward, continues all winter until the highest point of the comb is reached. This seldom occurs in a well-regulated hive. Sometimes, however,

there are long cold winters when spring is late in coming, and the large bee family has almost exhausted the honey-store. And this is just what happened to Deborah's colony.

Buzz had planned enough for the entire long winter, but she had counted out the drones who would not likely die before spring, and there would be many deaths to others from cold or sickness, so that the plentiful supply of honey would surely last late into the spring. But the bees were healthy and lived and the long, dreadfully cold winter continued, so that the sun was very slow in showing her warmth in the early spring days. Not a bee dared venture out in the nipping frost; even Alice felt so cosy that she preferred to stay with Buzz, rather than go home in the cold.

As the cells were emptied of their food-stores and the measure to each bee daily became scantier, Buzz began to fear lest the gaunt spectre of famine would overtake her beloved household, and lay waste her carefully protected colony. Then Alice wished she had gone home in the late autumn and not have burdened the bees.

To offset the pangs of hunger felt keenly by the younger bees, Buzz would tell stories of the past, and legends of the ancients. On days when the cold seemed to penetrate to the very heart of the bee-cluster where the queen was kept warm and safe, many of the outer layers of bees shivered and grew numb. Alice showed her friendship for the colony by teaching them to sing and Buzz showed her courage by starting a community chorus. The bees had to sing whether they felt like it or not, and this very act of humming caused the blood to circulate better. The bee-songs also cheered the spirits of the entire colony, for many workers feared the inevitable, if spring delayed much longer.

But there came a day when Buzz could no longer lead in the chorus. She had become thin and weak from self-denial of the food she knew to be absolutely necessary to keep the

younger bees alive. If they could only survive long enough to bring in new pollen and nectar for the eggs Deborah would begin laying, the moment warm weather was established, then she would willingly starve. These were sad days for Alice, who would gladly have gone home to beg a jar of honey from her mother, but she could not get out. The bees begged Buzz to take her usual allowance of honey, but she ordered them to feed Deborah as ever, and partake sparingly of the rest themselves. The habit of unquestioning obedience was in evidence now as always. The bees did as ordered, but the old workers who had founded the colony when Buzz planned it, slowly succumbed to starvation. Buzz, through sheer power of will still lived but became almost helpless from weakness.

Finally she was unable to move or speak and poor Alice daily expected to see her die. Deborah heard of the case at last, and insisted that her share of honey be given to the famished bee. But Buzz was brave to the very last and would not touch the food of a necessary queen or younger bee.



Then, suddenly, the tardy April sun came out with a warmth that woke up every chilled and slumbering atom. The bees instantly answered the call of spring, and came out of the hive to revel in the sweet balmy air. The hive had a large board in front of the doorway and here Buzz was carried by devoted Alice to breathe of the wonderful April warmth.

Anxious water-carriers flew away for drink and soon returned with sacs filled with water. The half-fainting leader was the first to be given a taste of the invigorating elixir.

While Buzz sipped weakly of the drink, a great noisy bumblebee hovered momentarily overhead. Then he dropped upon the board beside Buzz, and delivered a load of honey just where she could reach it.

"Ah, Bombus, my faithful friend! Where did you find this feast?" whispered Buzz, her eyes filling with gratitude.

"Mistress Buzz, this is my last load, I fear. I, too, am an old, old bee, but our community died out entirely due to the cold and the honey was more than sufficient to last the few of us that survived. I helped myself to a load to bring here, in case you were alive. I feared you would have great need of it," quavered generous old Bombus.

"Everyone is so good that I wonder if I ever merited it," sighed Buzz, nibbling sparingly of the dainty meal provided for her.

Eager friends sat about her in the sunshine ready to serve her slightest order, when a nerve-wracking, raspy voice coming from the apex of the hive, frightened them all back into the hive. Buzz recognized the harsh voice as that belonging to Miss Wasp. The lady slowly crawled down the side of the hive, coughing and hacking as she came.

Alice and Buzz gazed in horror at the changed looks of the quick, wiry insect. Instead of a nervous energy, she now crawled uncertainly. Instead of a slim, vigorous body, she now showed premature wrinkles that denoted starvation.

With her usual generosity, Buzz told Bombus to help Miss Wasp to the feast and see that she ate all she needed.

"Ah, Miss Buzz, this delightful honey makes my tongue fairly water, but I fear I cannot partake of your feast as my digestion has had nothing to try it in days! Besides, you are

an invalid and will need all this food before you can go out again," said Miss Wasp.

"Eat your fill, Miss Wasp, as I can show Miss Alice where more is to be obtained," said Bombus, eagerly.

Before the three friends could say more, however, a faint quacking sound came from under the alighting-board. Bombus hurried over to see what it could be and there he saw Greeny.

"Good friends, are you all here?" quavered the grasshopper as he laboriously climbed up the post to the alighting-board.

"How glad we are to see you, Greeny! I thought this hard winter had done for you, sure!" exclaimed Bombus.

"Ye-es—it was pretty bad! And I thought you all would have gone before me to join Madam Zumm, but I am happy to find you still here."

"This is the first time we all have met since Madam Zumm's funeral, isn't it?" remarked Alice, feeling much better since eating.

The curious young bees of the hive who had never seen such strange creatures before, crowded about them on the board, while Buzz introduced her three staunch friends to the family. Then they had a long visit and the three, Bombus, Greeny, and Miss Wasp, promised to come again the next day if the warmth continued.

Just as they shook antennae to leave, they heard a wild whoop of joy from a group of excited workers—bees who were arriving from a foraging trip. Forgetting the instinctive fear a bee has of a wasp or grasshopper, they rushed up to the four friends.

"Mizz Buzz! Mizz Buzz!" hummed they. "You will never guess what we found!"

Buzz looked up questioningly and the speaker said: "Honey, and lots of it, too! The old hive our queen left last summer is deserted. Many of the bees are dead in the

corridors but there is still plenty of honey in the wax-cells to last us until we can harvest a new crop of nectar. The cold must have frozen most of the colony as no live bee can be found about the place."

"We are the only surviving relatives of the dead bees so we naturally inherit the honey. But you must be mindful and thankful that famine is averted for us by this inheritance," said Buzz, seriously.

The bees all signified their obedience by reverently touching antennae to the ground as if in saying grace, and then they hurried away to bring in the honey. By this inheritance, not only the colony was saved, but Greeny, Bombus, and Miss Wasp were kept alive until they could forage for themselves again.

Having remained so long away from home, Alice now feared her mother and father would have forgotten her, but she was not aware of the eternity of a parent's love. So she finally decided to leave the colony that was awaking to the work of another summer, and one day she said good-bye to Buzz.

Buzz was very aged and weak, but she managed to fly with Alice to the old fence-rail where the burrow still remained sealed. Here the two bid each other a fond farewell. Said **Buzz** at last: "Alice, dear, do not weep if I am gone upon your return to our colony. My days are numbered now, and you must give your time and love to your fond parents who will have missed you dreadfully all these months. Follow where duty first calls, and come during your leisure hours to visit the Queen and the other bees. Good-bye."

Alice suddenly felt herself carried away and dropped into her bed at home. She rubbed her eyes to gaze about the familiar room, but saw her mother standing beside the bed smiling at her.

"What fills my little girl's eyes with unshed tears?" asked Mother, sympathetically.

"Oh, Mother! Poor Buzz is so grey and weak that I fear I will never see her alive again."

Then Alice told her mother of the long, cold winter in the hive, and Mother picked up the coverlet from the floor and said, "It became quite cold during the night and I suppose you had no covering. You were dreaming about the hive, dearest."

"Now, Mother dear, I am sure I was not! I remember so plainly what I did all winter in that hive with the bees."

"The interesting facts you read in the books last night before retiring formed the basis of your dreams. And all you dreamed is scientifically correct, according to the best authorities on bees. Still, it was a dream for you."

"Well then, Mother, if it was all a dream, what about Greeny, and Miss Wasp, and Bombus? I didn't read a word about them, you know."

"Well, as I see you have learned about the honey-bees, suppose we read about other interesting little creatures," replied Mother.



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Little Alice Wells is exploring her garden when she spies Bombus, a bumblebee, and follows him to overhear him conversing with Madam Zumm and a young bee named Buzz. They give her a special nectar which enables her to enter the Bee world, where she learns much about Bees and their life and society.

Lillian Elizabeth Roy was born Lillian Elizabeth Becker in 1868 and died in 1932. She is best-known for her "Polly Brewster" series of books, published between 1922 and 1930, an interesting series about a strong-headed girl who early on declaims on the rights of women, before heading out on many adventures around the world. *Alice in Beeland* was published in 1919.

Julia Greene illustrated a number of books beginning in 1917, including a special edition of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland with Cut-Out Pictures*. Later in her career (1918 through 1932) she illustrated the fourteen volumes of the "Curlytop" series by Howard R. Garis, who was most famous for his "Uncle Wiggily" series.



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